ELVIS: why did my mother have to die now?

PHOTOPLAY

VEMBER 25¢

CONTEST: sew-up a date with Tab Hunter



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NOVEMBER, 1958 VOL. 54, NO. 5

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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the woman that one of
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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Happy Christine Carere likes to smile, awake and asleep!



What makes Nick run? No longer Kathy.



Sophia's like one of us.

Anita Ekberg should be more famous than she is . . . Okay, so Kirk Douglas is a Viking! . . . Venetia Stevenson loves her horse as much as that boy loves "Lassie." . . . I'll bet movie execs wish they could buy back those old movies they sold to TV . . . Joan Collins kisses with her eyes open if she doesn't like you . . . Jim Garner's hobby is sleeping . . . How about that neatly formed bundle tagged Christine Carere! She told me, "I've been told I smile a lot in my sleep." . . . The actress who attracts the most attention on a night club dance floor is Mari Blanchard . . . Garbo: An inextinguishable star . . . A sign in Kim Novak's den: "I learn more and more and realize I know less and less" . . . Marilyn Maxwell always seems good-natured to me . . . "Indiscreet," with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman, proves just how good a movie can be when grownups are sent to do the jobs usually assigned to youngsters like Molly Bee and Rocky Dee . . . I'd like to see a Jerry Lewis show in which he'd limit himself to mugging, say ten times . . . Get yourself Patti Page's new album, backed up by Pete Rugolo. It's as good as any out. Ditto Polly Bergen's latest, "My Heart Sings." . . . Best known number in the rock 'n' roll set is 53310761. It's the serial number of Pvt. Elvis Presley.

I get the impression Rossano Brazzi is keeping his distance from an actress even when he's holding her in his arms . . . Brigitte Bardot, who should know, insists that in love nothing is as eloquent as mutual silence. And I have a confession to make: I watched B.B. in "La Parisienne" for about a reel before I realized the movie had subtitles . . . 20th Century-Fox should give May Britt better roles . . . Eddie Fisher is one of the best-dressed fellows on TV, but did you notice the sleeves of his tux are too short? . . . Whenever Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner play gin rummy for more than an hour, Natalie wins. I know. I took half of Bob's game . . . As of going to press, I'd say the Oscar-winning movie would be "Gigi," with "The Big Country," "The Defiant Ones," "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "The Old Man and the Sea" completing the list of the nominated five . . . Wonder if Dean Martin will ever get a role in a movie in which he sings? . . . Diane Varsi is a tough interview. Mamie Van Doren isn't. Her talk flows . . . If you're in town and Frank Sinatra is in town, the Villa Capri is a good place to find him . . . I miss live TV from New York. It gave us such fine actors as Rod Steiger, E. G. Marshall, Jack Warden and Eva Marie Saint . . . Montgomery Clift told me: "When I started in the theater, I believed faith could move mountains. Now I know only stagehands can move mountains."

Sophia Loren doesn't seem like a foreign actress any more . . . I'd like to see someone do a fast-moving musical with Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme playing the leads and Keely Smith and Louis Prima doing the romantic comedy leads. Like it? . . . Polly Bergen likes to have her feet tickled, by her husband, Freddie Fields . . . Julie London can whisper a song to me any time she wants.

I saw Jean Simmons and got that old feeling . . . Tony Perkins sometimes refers to himself as Gary Cooper without wrinkles . . . Carol ("The Light in the Forest") Lynley tells me, "I'm going to work like a demon until I'm twenty-one. And then when I'm that old I'm going to retire." . . . Perfect casting: Nick Adams for the role in "What Makes Sammy Run?" . . . "It's all right to be 100% for something," Jayne Mansfield told me, "but I'm learning not to be *too* 100% for something." . . . That's Hollywood For You.

Paramount presents

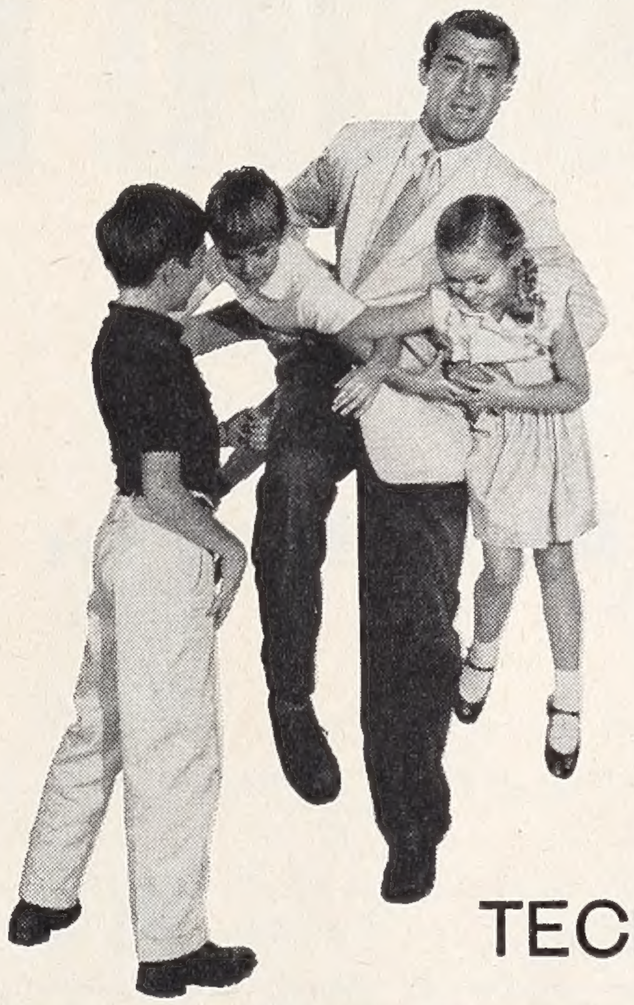
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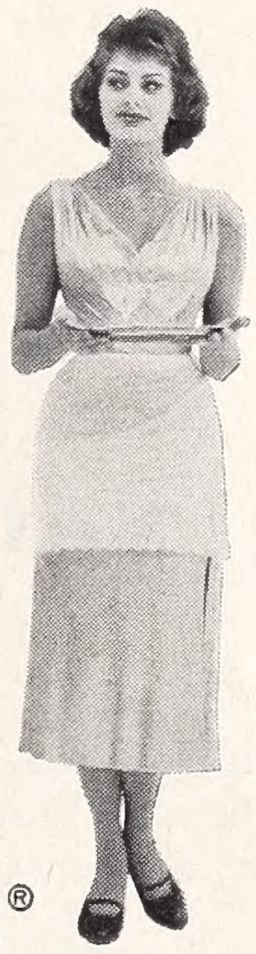
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SOPHIA LOREN



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heart-stopping
kids of his
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complications—
when it's time
for the grown-ups
to "play house"
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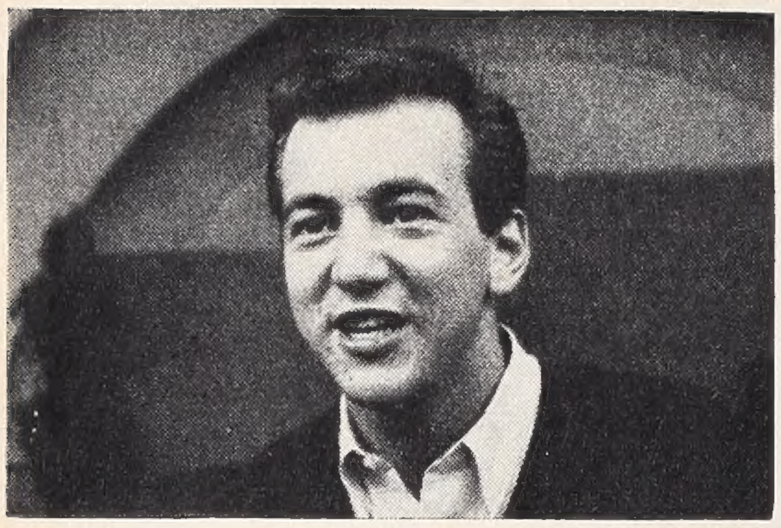
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ON THE RECORD





A Big Splash—Bobby Darin

"Splish Splash," a Bronx matron said.

"Okay," said Bobby Darin. He was used to the friendly dares of his friend's mother. "I'll write a song around that. Why not?"

It took him twelve minutes.

Bobby clears his throat, straightens his shoulders and then, taking off on an old-time songwriter, says, "And then I wrote . . ." What he wrote is:

Splish splash, I was taking a bath
Long about a Saturday night

.

Splish splash, I jumped back into the bath,
How was I to know there was a party going on?

We were having lunch, catered by a nearby drugstore, at the offices of Csida-Grean Associates, the firm that acts as Bobby's managers. Bobby, age twenty-one, was on the office couch, an elbow propping up one hand and his chin cupped in it. The rest of him was spread out full-length —five nine and a half, to be exact. From time to time he'd twist around just enough to take another bite out of his ham and fried-egg sandwich. "My mother sang in vaudeville," he said, "although she never talked much about it. I never had any lessons in music. When I write something like 'Splish Splash' or 'Early in the Morning,' somebody else has to actually write it down.

"I'm very excited about what's happened with these songs. But I've been here before. That's where I started, at the top. My very first 'pro' job was with Tommy Dorsey. Nothing happened. I wasn't ready. Nothing ever happens if you're not ready."

Bobby swung around to a sitting position and ran a hand through his hair. "You know, it's kind of wonderful, the way people reacted to 'Splish Splash.' I loved the way the teenagers reacted to it. In fact, I love teenagers, maybe because I feel I never was one. But the fact is, I love everybody." He stood up, did a little dance step and then went into a four-bar take-off on Perry Como singing "I Love Everybody."

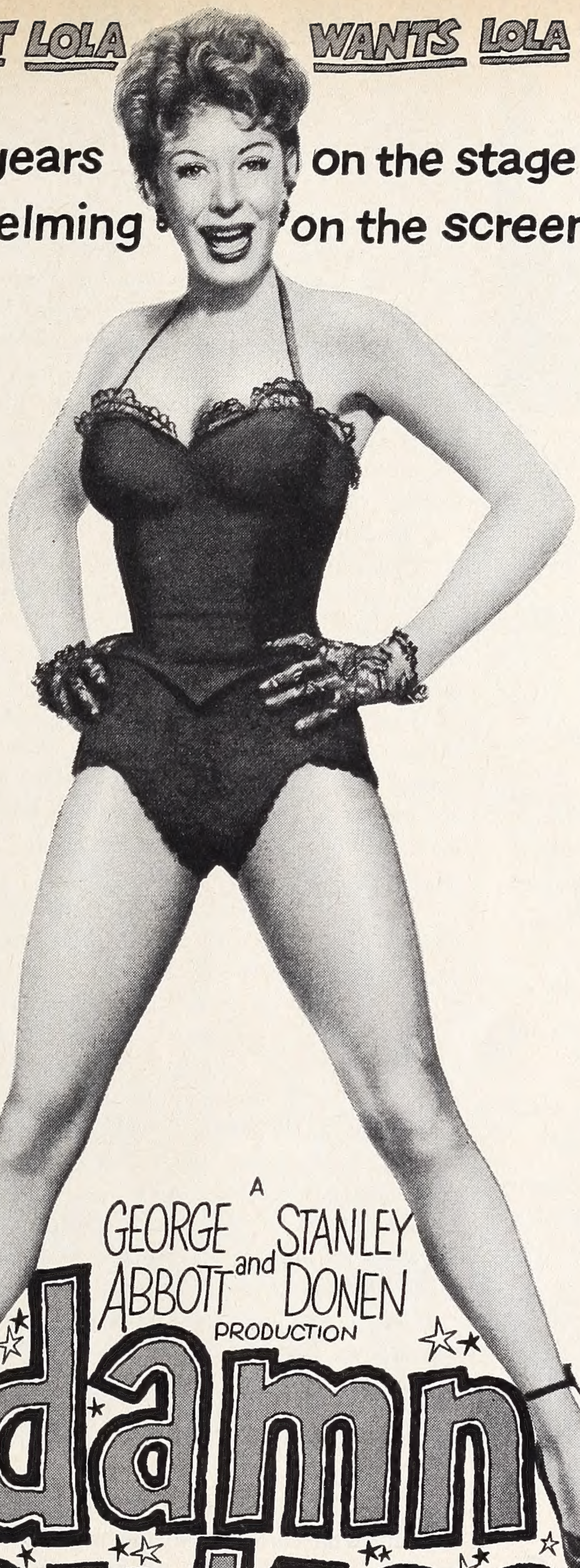
"Well, it's true, I really do love people. And I'm very happy they liked the song. But that's only one of my voices. People tell me they can listen to any song I might sing and spot something that marks it as me. I can't. I try to sing every song differently, 'cause every song is different. I've got lots of voices, kind of like a multiple personality. Maybe I'm a boy in search of a voice. In fact, I used to do voices of other singers. If a songwriter had something he thought Como would be good on, I'd sing like Perry on a demonstration record so that Como could hear how he'd sound if he ever decided to make a recording of the song.

"It got sort of confusing," he admitted, "because a singer has to worry about almost unconsciously copying other singers. You have to stick to your own style. I'm lucky enough to have what's called a natural ear. That's why I've shied away from music lessons. I'm afraid they might spoil it. And that's why I hardly ever go to see other singers. Without knowing it, you can pick up little things that other singers do and you hurt your own style. Professionally, I'm a doer. I learn singing by singing; I learn to play different instruments by playing them; I learn songwriting by writing songs. Privately, though, I'm an observer and not a doer."

Bobby was back on the couch now, perched on its edge and leaning forwards. "It's not that I don't go out and do things. I like golf and fishing and sitting around with friends talking about just everything —everything, that is, but shop. But on the big things, I'm an observer and not a doer. It's not my time yet to 'do.' When it is, I want, for example, to be a good parent. Now I just watch other guys who are fathers. I figure we can learn so much from other people, just (*Continued*)

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P

ON THE RECORD

Continued from page 6

by watching them. We can learn from their mistakes. Maybe I can't learn what to do, but I sure can learn what not to do.

"When it's my time to 'do,' I want to do it well. I like to do everything best. Like high school. I came from a poor neighborhood, so I decided to go to the Bronx High School of Science. That was the best school. I guess I wanted to balance things, a good school against a bad neighborhood.

"That's really my philosophy, to keep a balance. Somehow, I've never felt that I belonged anywhere, so I guess I've tried to make up for it by doing things best. My sister was so much older than me that I grew up almost like an only child. I wasn't lonely, but I just didn't belong. I guess that that's where I got what the psychologists—and I believe in those men—might call a complex, a confidence complex.

"When did it start? Well, I couldn't have explained it then, but I think that what you are at twenty or so, you were at seven. It's all there, just depending on which way it's going to be developed. Even at that age, I knew I was going to make a career in music and that I was different. I didn't belong. Well, you start with a feeling that you're inferior and you come out with a confidence complex to make up for it. You start thinking, I'm not good enough for this world. And that leads to, I'm too good for this world."

Bobby stood up and started to pace slowly, up and down the small office. "I know I'm inferior. I tell myself that eighty or ninety times a day. But the one time a day that I tell myself I'm a genius makes up for it, balances it. I think, What am I doing here? Then tell myself, Who cares, make the most of it. But then I can't help thinking, Where did I come from, where am I going?

"It's the sort of confusion that happens to people who ask questions. A scientist can solve it for himself by making the world less unhappy, perhaps by inventing a cure for some terrible disease. A religious person can find the answers in his religion. Well, I have no answers. I believe in God, but that's it. I have no other formal beliefs. If He put me here, why did He put me here? That's what I'm here to find out."

Bobby brooded a moment over his paper container of Coke, then gulped down the last of it. "Till I find out," he said, "I guess I'll keep my shell on. That's the coward's way out and I know it. But I'm afraid of being hurt. I was hurt real bad when I was eighteen. It wasn't her fault. She was older and it was a mixed-up relationship all the way. Still, I got hurt and I'm keeping out of emotion's way right now.

"Maybe that means that if I don't drop the shell, I'll never be happy. Well, I'm having a lot of fun and I don't really ever want to be happy. Not, at least, happy in a contented, self-satisfied way that keeps you from growing. I always want to want things."

Bobby was grinning again and half-dancing on the walk through the busy music-promotion offices. At the door, he winked. "Don't forget I'm a genius." Then, in a whisper, cupping his hand over his mouth in mock secrecy, "But don't tell anyone."

Let's Preview

"Closer Than a Kiss" (Columbia CL 1174) Vic Damone with Frank De Vol conducting the orchestra. The song does a good job of setting the mood for some great ballads by Richard Rodgers, Arthur Schwartz, Irving Berlin and Sigmund Romberg. Vic Damone's phrasing, assisted by Frank De Vol's orchestrations, creates an atmosphere of intimacy and romance. This is one of Vic's best ballad LP's.

"The New James" (Capitol T1037) Harry James and the Music Makers are at their best here, with some swingers and some ballads, all originals by some of today's top arrangers. It's great dance music. Harry's inspired and exciting trumpeting is backed by a clean, hard-hitting band. This is one of the finest dance LP's we've had the pleasure of reviewing to date.

"I Remember Russ" (Columbia CL 1164) Jerry Vale with Glenn Osser conducting. Modern arrangements of the great Russ Columbo standards. Jerry Vale pays tribute to one of yesteryear's great singers. Jerry's big voice and natural warmth prove again his own standing as a star of today. A lush LP.

Burnished Brass (Capitol T1038) George Shearing Quintet with Brass Choir Orchestra conducted by Billy May. A background of brass lends a new and exciting contrast to the famous "Shearing Sound."

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Love's the Thing!

I've never read such a truly moving, sincere story as "Why Debbie and Eddie Are Leaving Hollywood." It makes a person realize that so many of the disagreements between people could be avoided if they'd just remember that love is everything!

MARILYN DARLING
La Crescent, Minn.

Love These Fishers!

I have never in my life seen such a beautiful cover on your magazine as I did last month. The Fishers not only photograph beautifully but, for once, I think a true and factual story about them has been told.

Please have them on your cover again.

MRS. ADELE ROSS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Adorable Twosome

I used to get rather "green" (jealous) every time Nick Adams was teamed up with a girl. I'd get mad, too, because I didn't think they were good enough for him. Since his recent engagement to Kathy Nolan, though, he and Kathy have gone up in my estimation. I think they're both absolutely adorable and I really hope they can make their romance last—and also, if the Lord is willing, their marriage.

C. PALMER
Wichita, Kan.

Dear Dick Clark:

I watch your show every day and enjoy it very much. I am on crutches and have a broken hip. But I am looking forward to the day when I can dance to the music on your show again.

Most of my friends are about twelve years old and we belong to a Camp Fire Group. We have our meetings after school every day and each time we can hardly wait for them to be over so we can watch your show.

Last week I went to a slumber party. We were still awake and lively as ever at five o'clock a.m. About three o'clock somebody had brought up your name and we talked about you and your show for hours.

KATHY MENTEN
River Grove, Ill.

Congratulations on a fine column. Your writing is as warm and sincere (with that fine casual touch) as is your personality on "Bandstand" and the Saturday night show. I'm sure my feeling is shared by adults of all ages and kids, too.

Keep up the wonderful work!

LEA FARAGUAY
Garfield Heights, Ohio

Congratulations, Dick, on a wonderful column! I just finished reading it for the second time and thought it was great.

L. LANG
Cedar Falls, Ia.

These Older Men, Tch, Tch!

Just a note to give you the view of one reader. I'm not a teenager, but I'm very tired of the pictures that have young girls in love with older men. I want to see young women in love with young men. That's the way it usually is, in my opinion. Maybe not in Hollywood, where the man may be very famous and rich, but certainly for Mr. and Mrs. "Average America." Otherwise, no male would be married until he was fifty or sixty.

MRS. JEAN MURRAY
Hackensack, N. J.

Wonderful Support

I am a member of the Hugh O'Brian Friend Club and, as such, want to thank you for the wonderful support you have given Hugh. I read everything available about him and have come to the conclusion that, though he has his faults, he is one of the nicest guys around.

Please continue to feature him in future issues of Photoplay. I will be most grateful, as, I am sure, will Hugh.

MISSY MULLIGAN
Coshocton, Ohio

It was a pleasure to see Hugh O'Brian in Photoplay again.

I know Hugh to be a wonderful person and a very generous man in his work with the mentally retarded.

We were very lucky to be able to visit with Hugh on the "Wyatt Earp" set this summer. He was very nice to us.

Thanks again for including Hugh in your September issue.

JUDY ROBERTS
Tulsa, Okla.

field, Mass. who want to know who is the most beautiful girl and the most handsome man in the world—there is no such thing, in my opinion. One might think of someone being *one* of the most but not *the* most.

Beauty, after all, is seen in many different ways. As it's been said, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

MANY EMANUELE
Rensselaer, N. Y.

In their letter, the "Boys of America" asked if the most beautiful woman came from Hollywood. I don't think a woman necessarily has to hail from there to be considered beautiful—after all, "beauty is only skin deep."

My opinion is that to consider a person beautiful you must look beyond their facial features or body build. There are some who might think a person beautiful because of certain inner qualities this person possesses. I, too, think a person should have these to be considered really beautiful—a wonderful personality, charm, kindness, sympathy.

PATRICIA SMOOGEN
Shamokin, Pa.

Because of Rock

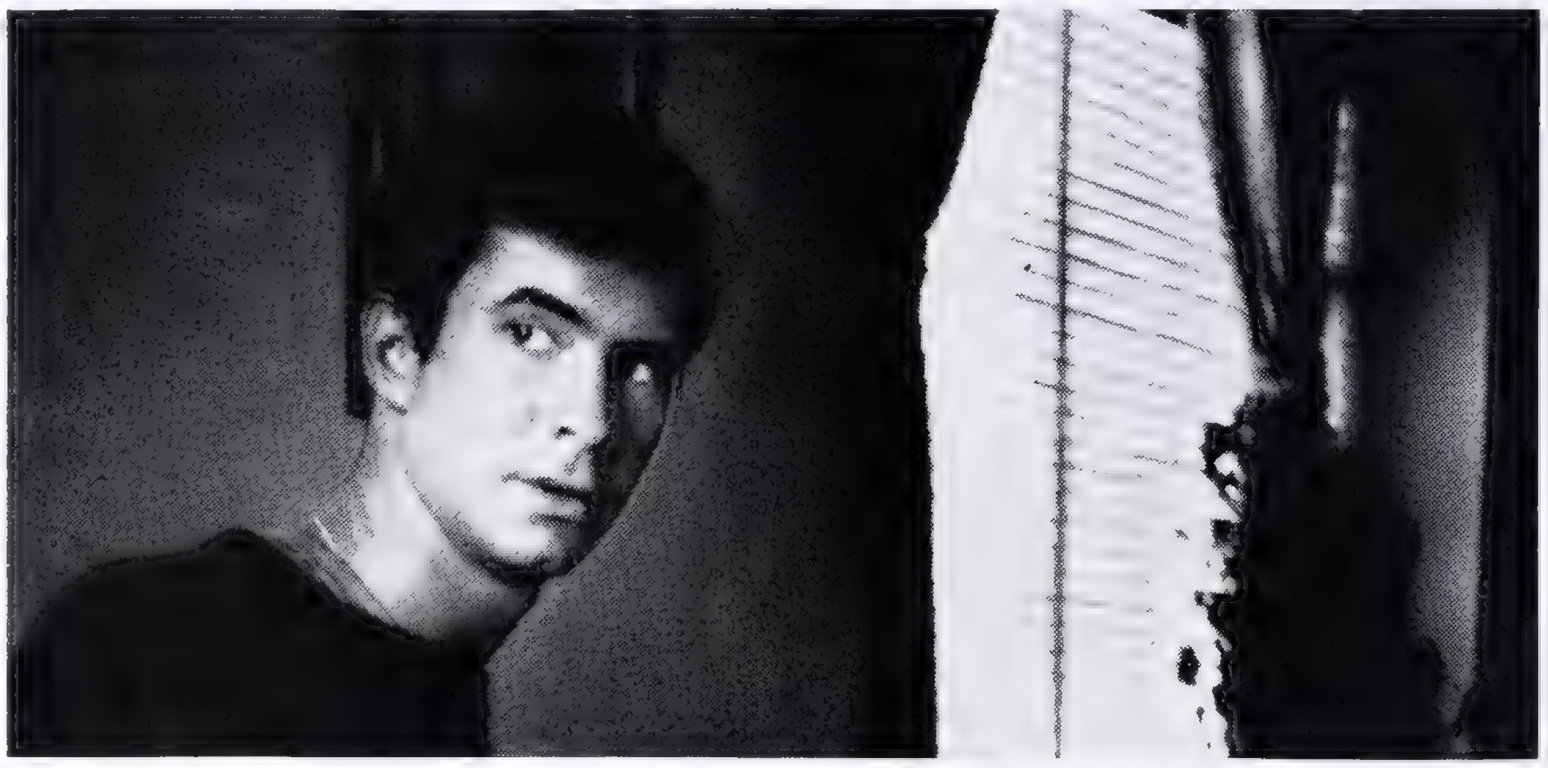
I'm writing this letter because I'd like all the readers of Photoplay to know that not only is Rock Hudson a great actor but a very fine person with a sincere personal regard for his fellow beings.

My young sister was a leukemia victim. She passed away just two months ago. Though she was very sick and a complete invalid the last three years of her life, she was a most devoted fan of Mr. Hudson's. A nurse who attended my sister and knew this, wrote a letter to Mr. Hudson telling him of my sister's plight and how much it would mean to her if she could receive a personal phone call from him.

Rock Hudson not only called personally but sent her a lovely gift of perfume, too.

Needless to say that it was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her. She died just a week after receiving the gift, but I believe that last week of her life was the happiest because of Rock Hudson.

CATHERINE WILLIAMSON
New Orleans, La.



"Give Tony and other stars a chance to defend themselves," a fan scolds Sidney

That Makes a Ball Game

Why do you allow Sidney Skolsky to make derogatory remarks about Princess Grace, Audrey Hepburn and Tony Perkins?

The fact that Mr. Skolsky writes a kind of "gossip column" does not give him the right to air his hostile feelings about people who are not given the chance to answer him. This is a fault in an otherwise fine magazine.

M. ALEXANDER
Warren, Mich.

Readers Answer "The Boys"

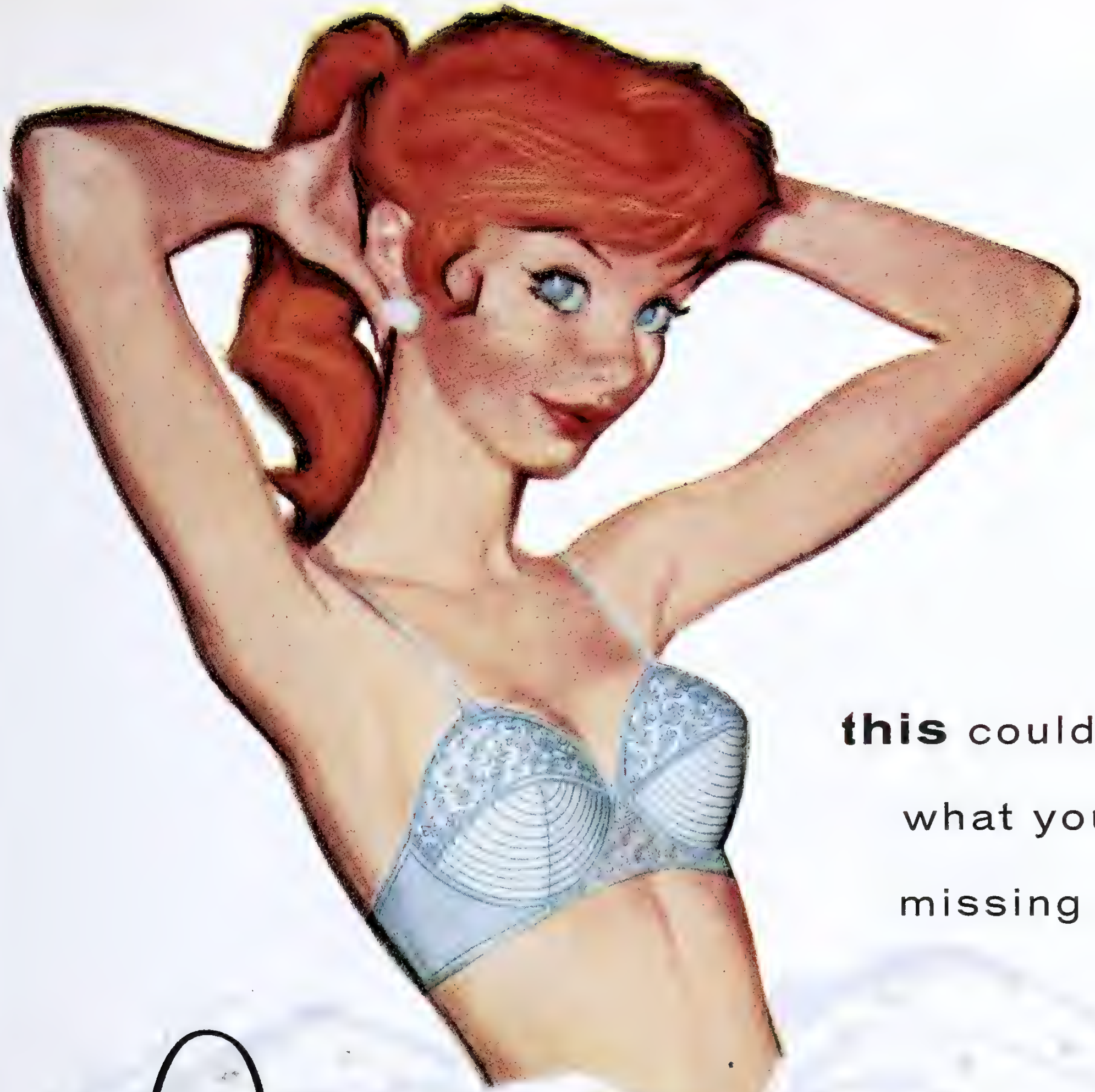
To the "Boys of America" from Spring-

No Juvenile Delinquent

I am an average girl with an interest in the theater. I have never gone "hysterical" over Elvis Presley but I have always respected him because of his great potential singing and acting ability.

My father has always been very critical of Elvis Presley until recently.

continued



this could be
what you're
missing . . .

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***one-third the weight of foam rubber**

there never was a padded bra like "accent" because there never was a pad like Jantzenaire, the just-out-of-the-laboratory filling that's even three times airier than foam rubber... with much lower resilience and a yielding effect that makes it fit itself to the body with the most fantastic feel, fantastically natural. It washes like a dream, retains its shape, comes in all sizes 32 to 38 (A and B cups) ...in nylon taffeta (829) red, pink, blue, black and white 3.95 . . . strapless (849) with three-way detachable straps 5.95



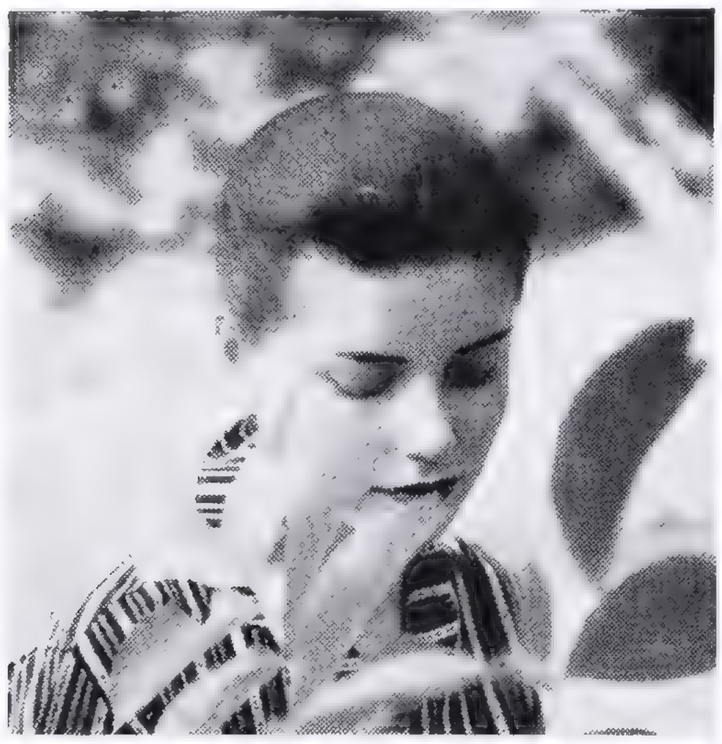
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continued

About a week ago, my boyfriend and I took my mother and father to see "King Creole." My father was really impressed. He said he had been criticizing Elvis when he really didn't "know" him. Now he looks at Elvis with respect and realizes he is not a juvenile delinquent but a budding actor!

A READER
Auburn, Ala.



Dolores Hart: She's a real princess.

A Princess

A few days ago, young and beautiful Dolores Hart was in our city to plug "King Creole" and I had the pleasure of seeing her on a local television show.

I had seen her on the screen in "Loving You" and "Wild Is the Wind" and was very much impressed. After seeing this charming girl in person, I am doubly so.

How refreshing she is! Her genuine sweetness and intelligence came through the television cameras very clearly.

The unselfish way she plugged the picture and its temporarily departed star, while neglecting herself completely, is surely very unusual among actresses.

One of our local newspaper writers described her as being a "Fairy Princess" and hoped she would not be whisked away from the screen by some "Prince Charming," à la Grace Kelly. I heartily agree.

Dolores described herself and Elvis as "just friends." Heavenly days! I'm inclined to believe that Private Presley needs his glasses changed.

MRS. DOROTHY BENTON
Cincinnati, Ohio

Favorite in San Francisco

If one were to take a poll in the San Francisco bay area on who is the most liked and respected star of the entertainment world, he would discover that it would be *Bret Maverick*—otherwise known as Jim Garner, that wonderful actor. Why is he so popular with us? In April of this year, he took time from his busy schedule to support the Boy Scouts in our area, and he did a wonderful job. Then, in a few weeks, he came to help out with a charity horse show for needy persons.

While here, Jim untiringly signed countless autographs to the delight of everyone. Everyone loved his grin and the jokes which were spontaneous. He charmed us with his warmth and generosity.

By setting attendance records with his appearances, Jim helped raise quite a bit of money for the two worthy organizations —for which we are all grateful. Is it any wonder that we admire the personable Jim Garner?

MARK YOKORO
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Elvis:

I know how much you loved your mother and how much she loved you. Her death must be a great loss to you but you should not feel that God has left you or that your mother has, either. God is always with us and the people we love never really die; they stay in our hearts forever.

Your mother has gone to her real home in heaven where she will be happy with God, always. There she can watch over you and guide you. You will be able to pray to her any time you wish. I know this because five years ago when I was ten, I lost my father but I never lost faith in God. So remember you'll never be alone; God is with you and so is your mother.

PATRICIA KRALING
Chicago, Ill.

I just can't tell you how deeply sorry I am for your great loss. Your mother was liked and loved by everyone. Although there is little consolation in a note from a fan, I do want you to know that my thoughts are with you at this sad time.

Be brave and take comfort in the knowledeg that you were a devoted son and that your mother lived to share in the good fortune of your great and successful career.

My family and my friends join me in sending you and your father our deepest sympathy.

God bless and love you both.

MARY R. DENUNZIO
Plainville, Conn.

Readers may remember the beautiful portrait of Elvis painted by Miss De Nunzio for February Photoplay. We think she and all those who share Elvis' loss will want to read "Why Did My Mother Have to Die Now?" this issue.—ED.

A Poem for Us

Last month I read practically every movie magazine and found yours was the best. This is why.

Hurrah for Photoplay, the very best
Read in the east and west.
The stories are written about facts that are true.
The pictures are colorful and good-sized, too.
Superb are the movie tips, gossip—but wait!
The little things help to make it great.
The paper in the pages is of good quality.
The print is clear and easy to see.
The covers are good and sturdy—
Protecting the pages from getting dirty.
Even the ads are good (found in the back).
These are the little things other magazines lack.

A READER
Fullerton, Calif.

Beauty from Yankeeland

Recently Bob Keith, the host of Channel Nine's "Bandstand" show (of which I am hostess) emceed a big rock 'n' roll show which came to our town.

Heading the all-star cast was Miss Connie Francis. When she stepped out on the stage, everyone there fell in love with the 5'2" beauty from Yankeeland.

When I met her I was *really* impressed. She is one of the nicest girls I have ever met. She is poised, well-mannered, well-dressed and "neat!"

PATTIE ANN SWEENEY
Orlando, Fla.



Deborah doesn't deserve bad breaks.

She Deserves the Best

I have just read your story concerning Deborah Kerr and the break-up of her marriage. I'm with Deborah all the way.

Deborah has always been my special favorite and always will be. I know that whatever happens, Deborah will come out of this tragedy on the winning side, as sweet and lovely as ever. She deserves all the happiness in the world.

SANDY PETERSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Cupid's Weather Report

I hope you will be interested in the following couples' "weather report":

Sunny—Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner
Cloudy—Mamie Van Doren and Ray Anthony
Unpredictable—Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler
Comfortable—Dick Egan and Pat Hardy
Cool—Molly Bee and Tommy Sands
Warm—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher
Threatening—Tony Franciosa and Shelley Winters
Stormy—Rock and Phyllis Hudson
Unchanged—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh
Clearing—Pier Angeli and Vic Damone
Moderate—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman

A DEVOTED FAN
Mobile, Ala.

continued

Give your complexion the glow of candlelight...the elegant look!

For women who don't want that over-made-up look . . .
this liquid make-up enhances your own skin tone

You can smooth it on in seconds . . . like a lotion. You can blend it so perfectly that no one sees where make-up ends and you begin. 'Touch-and-Glow' never streaks . . . never looks obvious. And only the color genius of Revlon can give you such natural skin tone shades . . . *nine* of them in all . . . each one with a 'Touch-and-Glow' Pressed Powder that matches it exactly.



LIQUID MAKE-UP AND PRESSED POWDER IN NINE SHADES

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

LIQUID MAKE-UP AND NEW MATCHING PRESSED POWDER

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continued

Old Reliable

I've been reading Photoplay since high school days—that's almost fifteen years now—and I've always enjoyed it.

Your choice of subjects keeps me up on newcomers and old friends, too. And I like the way you include people who aren't always the glittering type. Good acting can come from all kinds of people and those in the supporting cast of a picture are just as important as anyone else. There are some fine actors in the profession who, perhaps, will never reach star status but who can always be relied on for entertainment even if the stars flop.

GRACE HOWE
Wallingford, Conn.

Special from Frankie

Frankie Laine who's kept juke boxes jumping for lo, these many years has turned poet long enough to give us a few ideas on what makes a singer and a song. —ED.

Like pal Perry—we get letters
Wonderful letters . . .
Serious ones, hep ones, fun, and then some.
Like the man who wanted to know
Now, about this rock 'n' roll—
Do you think it's slated to wreck
The morals of our teenage pets?
Oh, man, I said, now this is phooey
They said the same thing about boogie woogie
And way back before that, son
They said it about the demoralizin' Charleston.
Let's trace it—from the start
There was Ragtime, Dixie, then came jazz—
The Charleston—Swing—that razmataz—
Boogie came in '42—stayed till 1950 too—
Then came Bop—a crazy round
Music way out there, cool cool sound.
So where do you go when that far avast?
Back to the beat—and fast.
Everyone wants to dance.
That's when rock 'n' roll was born
A lot of people called it corn—
But dance, they did, to rhythm and blues
So what's the next trend, writes a friend.
Wish I knew how to answer that
For a great big jackpot, nice and fat.
Some say it's classic—can't be avoided
Everything else has been exploited.
All that we know is just to test
When something old goes, we keep the best
Little bits of all good trends
Then launch a brand new thing that sends.

Through the years a lot of mail
Asks the question—never fails
A brand new talent, young and certain
How do you crash the gate—raise the curtain?
Well, there's only one formula
On this I'm sot—
It's keep on trying, no matter what.
Be better than good, if you hope for first
Be ready for heartaches and hurts that are worse.
But if you're solid, it can really happen
Elvis, Boone, Mathis have 'em stampin'
But should you make it, that's only the start
You've got to keep pitching, with every part.
Be a philosopher, never a cynic
How can you miss if your heart is in it?
A million letters come along
Old boy, now tell me
How to sell my song?
Well there are hit songs never uncovered
So you keep on writing—you'll be discovered.
I've a brother named Sam, another named Joe
Here are a couple of boys who know
Give them a buzz at their place on the Strip
It's possible, fella, they'll dig out a hit.

And we get these letters . . .
Frank, 'tarnation—what imagination
Makes 'em call you a big sensation.
We answer, well dad—could be delusion
I'm still laborin' to keep the illusion.
Now dear friends, 'bout staking this stand
Don't ever think it hasn't been grand.
Oops—it's been LeGrand all the way
After weeks of work, we've a new Long Play.
You said FOREIGN AFFAIR couldn't be better?
Well now we'll see—if we get letters.

Hope your year's a great big gasser
Drop me a note, I'm your boy for an answer.

FRANKIE LAINE

Just for Jerry

Jerry Lewis is my favorite star, so I have composed this little poem for him:

Some people think you're zany,
You're funny, it's very true.
But I'll tell you something odd,
I see a different you.
I see the deep and warm brown eyes,
I see such handsome looks,
The things you've done for others,
Could fill a hundred books.
I love to sit and look at you,
You don't have to utter a sound.
If everyone could see you that way,
I know they'd like what they found.
I could go on and on about you,
There's so much more I could tell,
But I'll say one thing that's very true,
Mr. Lewis, I think you're swell.

BONNIE BARTON
Chicago, Ill.



One fan loves Jerry's serious side.

To the Newlyweds

I think your story (September issue) on Richard Egan's marriage to Pat Hardy was one of the loveliest I've ever read. I've followed their romance through various issues of Photoplay and I thought all along they'd make the perfect couple.

As I was reading the story, I felt exactly as if I were there in the church with them, listening to the beautiful words of the wedding ceremony that would unite them in marriage. And the words, "May you have true friends to stand by you, both in joy and in sorrow . . ." these I thought applied especially to Dick and Pat; for as long as they stay the wonderful people they are, they'll have true friends and fans.

ALMA HEPPLE
San Antonio, Tex.



Mostest of the bestest, that's Esther.

She's the Tops

Esther Williams: She's superb! She's intelligent! She's beautiful! She's everything you expect of a star. Please, let's have more pictures of her in Photoplay.

JANE BLOCK
Defiance, Ohio

Salute to Sal

Thank you so very much for the wonderful story on Sal Mineo—"T.N.T. (Teens' New Thrill)" in your August edition of Photoplay. It was a wonderful story and I'm sure his many fans were interested to know what Sal loves, dislikes, feels, thinks, dates and wants, and you gave us two pages of wonderful information.

I hope you will be writing many more good stories on Sal in the very near future. I'm sure his fans will appreciate it and be grateful to you. As you probably know we think very highly of Sal and we hope you do too.

KAREN DIEHL
Grosse Pte. Wds., Mich.

***Address your letters to Readers Inc.,* Photoplay, *205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.*—ED.**

Continued on page 17

Now!
Even humdrum hair
can seethe
with excitement!

COLOR GLO

DuBARRY



A new idea in hair coloring! It's fun, fast and foolproof...washes right out with your next shampoo!

Color Glo is for *you.* It's new! Not a rinse, not a dye, not a color shampoo. It's a fabulous *foam.* Just pour it on, foam it in and that's it. Natural-looking, silken color that *won't* rub off—*will* wash out when you shampoo!

Six sensational shades, 1.50 plus tax.

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AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX, GEORGE STEVENS HAS COMPLETED

the diary of anne frank

IN WHICH A GIRL WHO HAS NEVER APPEARED ON THE SCREEN IS ALREADY WORLD FAMOUS

READERS INC.

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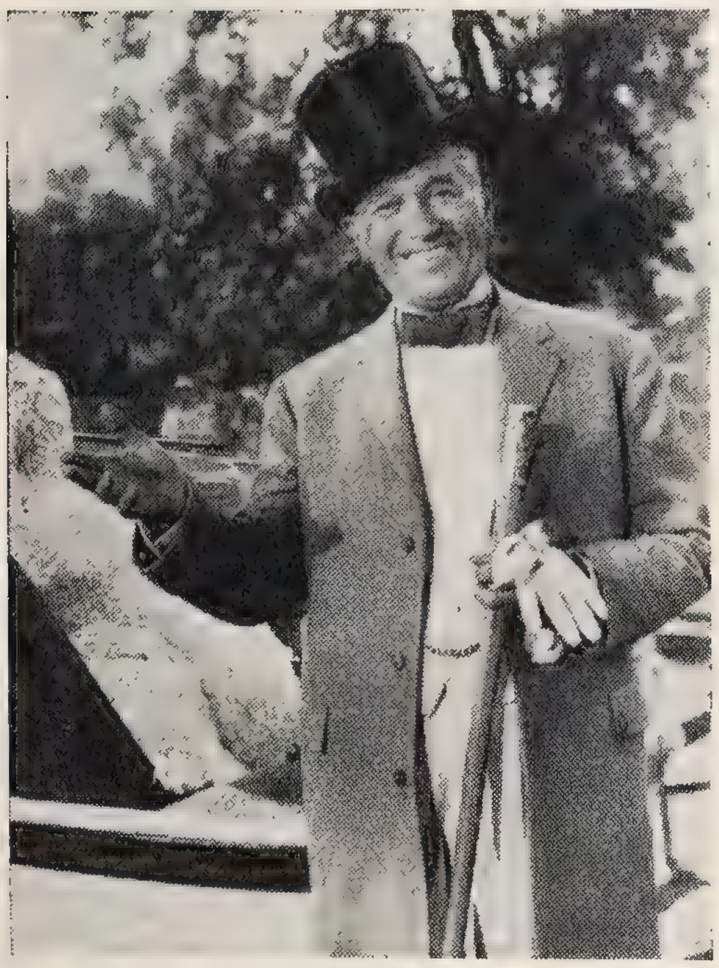
The Legend

I know Maurice Chevalier has been in the theater, movies and night clubs for years. I enjoyed him so much in "Gigi" (it was the first time I'd ever seen the legend "in person"). Just how long has Mr. Chevalier been around and what's the secret of his success?

MARY SMALL
New Brunswick, N. J.

We ask the same question ourselves, for, at seventy, Maurice Chevalier is just as much the devil-may-care boulevardier as he was thirty years ago, when he was singing love songs to Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade."

In show business for fifty-nine years, he claims "Anybody can sing better than I." Yet songs he made famous, like "Louise," "Mimi" and "Valentine," are so closely identified with him that hardly anyone can



Chevalier loves life—and gardens.

imagine their lilting lyrics being sung by any other but Maurice Chevalier.

Perhaps the secret of his success is that, at seventy, eighty or ninety, he will always spell "Romance" Parisian style. With a straw hat tilted jauntily over one eye and a nonchalant attitude toward wine, women and song ("I love them all," he says), his bubbling zest for life is infectious.

At first, though, Maurice was set on being an acrobat—nothing else would do. But after several serious accidents, he decided that the stage might be safer. His first big success came when the legendary Mistinguette chose him as her dancing partner. Later came a starring role opposite Elsie Janis, and from then on there was no stopping young Maurice. American movies called and he made a series of musicals for Paramount, but his heart was always with "live" audiences. He felt that his intimate approach to a song was best appreciated by them.

"Love in the Afternoon" and "Gigi" ("I loved everything about that picture," he says.) have, he feels, "opened up a whole new world of possibilities" for him. Yet his one-man club show is still closest to his heart for it makes it possible for him to visit his favorite cities—London, New York and Los Angeles.

Home for him will always be his house at Marnes-la-Coquette, a half-hour drive from Paris. Here he lives surrounded by the gardens which are his pride and joy. Amid a variety of flowers, and surrounded by plane trees, is a statue of his mother, who stands there smiling at the lovely scene.

"I plan the garden so that something new is always ready to come into bloom," he says. "Each year my gardener and I plant annuals to bloom at varied times during the growing season. We also try to have the colors harmonize. It adds much interest to a garden to have something coming to life all the time.

"This, I think, would be a good way to plan one's life—like a garden—to have many varied and colorful interests all through life. I think you Americans say 'Never a dull moment.' That's what I mean. To take up new interests as one grows, to have a variety of friends, to be able to enjoy all types of literature. Oh ho! I sound so wise," he laughs.

Then he goes on, "When one is young, I suppose that is when the roots really set inside. The better the roots, the more lovely the color and fragrance of life, as in flowers. If one is fortunate enough to be given a good and varied education, that would help. But it is not essential. Anyway, too much sun or too much rain is not good for flowers or people. People, I think, need varied nourishment to develop to their best level. Myself, I like to write, to look at paintings, to enjoy many different types of friends—the only thing in common is that they are good friends."—ED.

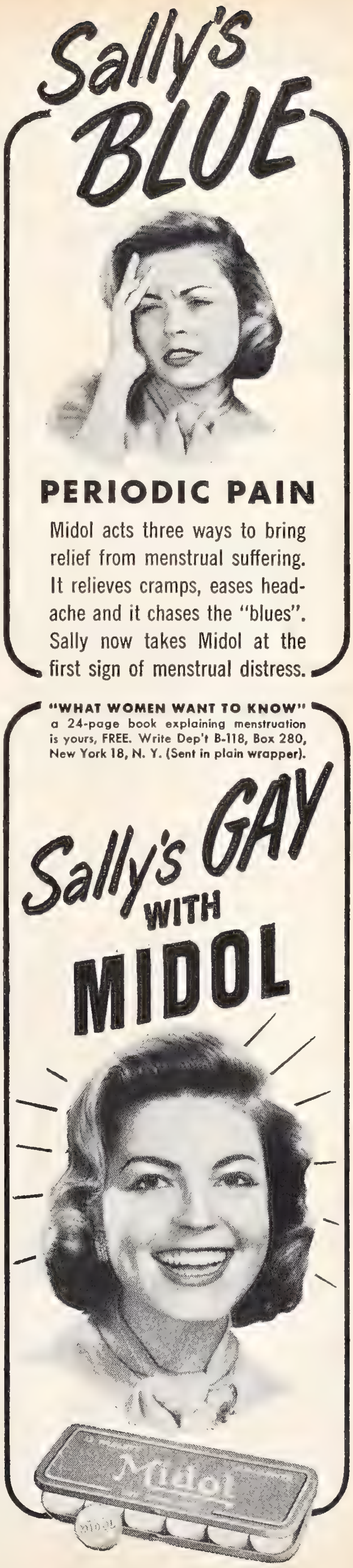
Spotlight on Character

Could you please tell me something about Mildred Dunnock? I think she's one of the finest character actresses I've seen ("Peyton Place," "Baby Doll") and I'm sure some of her other fans would like to read something about her.

AGNES FROMAN
St. Louis, Mo.

Though Mildred Dunnock started her film life as a teacher (in "The Corn Is Green") and is currently moving sympathetic audiences as another schoolmarm (Miss Thornton *in "Peyton Place"*), *her celluloid career really got off to a flying start when Richard Widmark flung her down a flight of stairs in "Kiss of Death." Most people are aware that Dick was an overnight sensation as the giggling menace who gave some poor old lady a free ride to eternity. Few realize that Mildred was "it."*

"There I was, all strapped into this wheelchair, and Dick Widmark was to wheel me off this plank they had set up and then four men were supposed to be there to catch me. And Dick kept cackling fiendishly, 'I'm really going to throw you down the stairs, Millie.' Well, we did it and everything came off fine—we thought. But somewhere a light jiggled that wasn't supposed to and they ordered another take. And at that, Dick turned white and kept mumbling, 'I can't do it—I just (continued)



Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book

Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, is being showered with praise by Hollywood stars for her splendid etiquette book. In Hollywood they are calling it the most useful and entertaining book on the subject ever written.

A Gay, Entertaining Book

Elsa Maxwell's new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It's gay! It's up-to-date! It's just chockfull of the type of information you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thorough social education, that will enable you to live a richer, happier life.

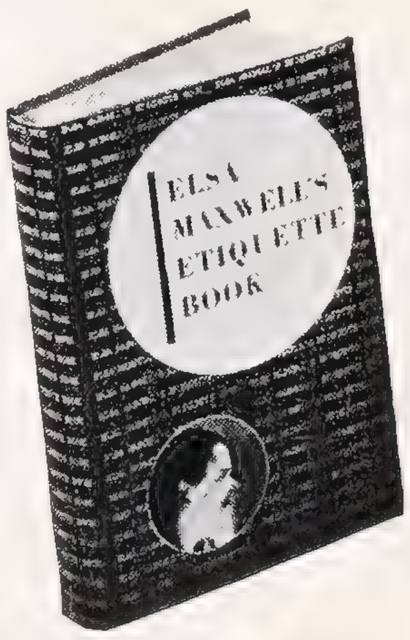
Here in clear, straightforward language, are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

A Social Education

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. Here is everything you need to know about invitations, gifts, the wedding dress, the attendants, the reception, etc. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this up-to-date book need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

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The price of this book that puts you at ease no matter where you are—and opens the door to achievement and success—costs only $1.00. And we pay the postage! Take advantage of this truly remarkable bargain. Mail coupon below for your book — TODAY.



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READERS INC.

continued

can't do it.' And I got nervous because I really hadn't thought too much about it the first time, but now we had to do it over again, and I started thinking about it and well—we did it again. It was filmed over there," she shuddered, pointing to a large building some distance across from her Manhattan apartment where, ten years ago, the deed was done.

Mildred's current quarters (latest of a long line) are shared with her husband, banker Keith Urmy, and their daughter, Linda, a refreshingly unspoiled, redheaded eighteen-year-old who would like to follow in her mother's footsteps and is currently a student at Sarah Lawrence College. Keith and Linda's urgent desire to stay put is in sharp contrast to Mildred's passion for travel. Any visitor, naturally impressed by her considerate collection of well-thumbed books, would get a different view from Linda. "Every time we've moved, these have all had to be taken down and packed—ugh!" After the latest trek (about three years ago), Linda laid down the law. "Please, Mummy—no more moving!" Thus thwarted, Mildred's gypsy flair finds an outlet in location work—to places like Vermont for "The Trouble With Harry," Mississippi for "Baby Doll," and, coming up, Rome for "The Nun's Story" with Audrey Hepburn.

Her apartment is something of a clue to the woman herself—particularly the living room. Actually a double room, done in muted gray, it somehow embraces a nice-sized fireplace with antique clock and candlesticks on the mantel, a china collection on one wall, a library covering another, two oil portraits, a grand piano whereon sits a bust of Tallulah Bankhead staring imperturbably at the ceiling, a desk by the window liberally covered with letters and various correspondence to attend to, and a collection of sofas, coffee tables and comfortable chairs of just about every conceivable period. (Mummy really doesn't know what she's doing," explains Linda. "But she has fun doing it.") The variety of interests indicated backs Mildred's contention that the more fully-rounded the person, the better the actress. She is highly sensitive to life around her, feels things deeply, and talks animated and with quiet conviction on a wide range of subjects.

Education: "Very important to me—I think the influence of films on growing children is something that just can't be measured. When I'd read the script of 'Peyton Place,' I told (director) Mark Robson, 'I wouldn't want any teenaged daughter of mine to see it.' And Mark, who is really the most moral man—he has a wife and three children whom he dearly loves—said, 'Why Millie, why do you say that? I intend to make this film a force for good for the young.' And they did do a remarkable job. Nor was it undertaken lightly. That picture was carefully put together piece by piece and I was truly proud to be part of it."

*Reminded her silver wedding anniversary has just passed: "Has it really? Why, I had no idea. I never remember birthdays, anniversaries or anything like that. But the time does go by. Why, I'm teaching students at Barnard (she lectures on theater twice a week) who weren't even born when 'Our Town' was first presented (1938). Just think of that!" We thought about it, and passed to a discussion of her various film roles. Though she's apt to dismiss them as just "bits and pieces," two of them—*Linda Loman *in "Death of A Salesman" and* Aunt Rose *in "Baby Doll"—came hairbreadth-close to putting Oscars on that already crowded mantel.*

Though she proudly refers to herself as, first and foremost, "always an actress," Mildred's busy fingers are in any number of pies—including a two and a half percent financial stake in the Broadway hit, "Look Homeward Angel," and an interest in a nearby curio shop.

"When I'm making money, I like to spend it," she remarks brightly. "And I've bought just about everything I can fit in here, so I'm interested in this little shop that two young men run around the corner.



"Always an actress," that's Millie.

I'm not a legal partner or anything like that, but I do have an investment in it. And we cater mostly to people of middle-class income and sell things for the dining room and patio—household adornments, things like that. It's no big business or anything like that—then it wouldn't be any fun."

Acting and the shop aside, Mildred is also partial to something she vaguely refers to as "making new things out of old things," embroidery, painting around the house, young people, exploring old houses, the writings of Tennessee Williams, director Elia Kazan and the work of close friend Arthur Kennedy ("a real artist"). And watching her talk about acting is perhaps the most interesting of all these many things.

She will start with a basic premise or opinion, unravel it until it somehow gets out of control, and then search vainly for exactly the right phrase to cap it. All of which lends substance to a recent remark by an old friend: "Millie is one of a vanishing breed in the entertainment world of today—she'd much rather act than talk about it."—Ed.

I DREAMED
I MADE SWEET MUSIC IN MY NEW MAIDENFORM* BRA!



*sweet music**

The bra that was *born* to be worn with the new "Empire Look"!

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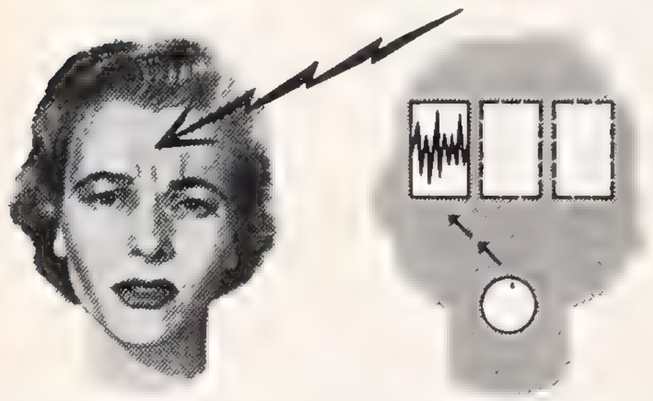
COSTUME BY A LA CARTE

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to relieve
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

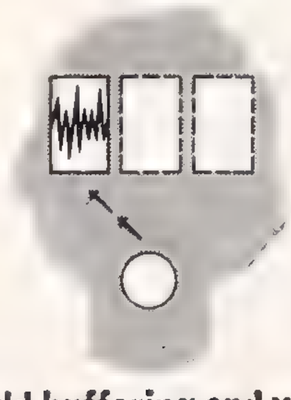
3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients of ANACIN® for headache pain.

BETTER THAN ASPIRIN...
EVEN WITH BUFFERING ADDED

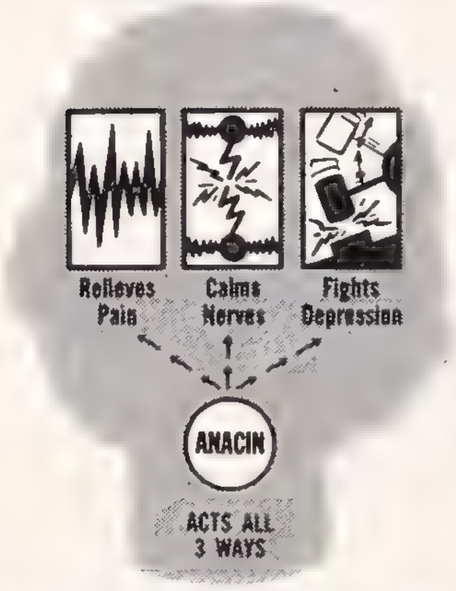


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Doctors know aspirin has only one pain reliever...



Add buffering and you still have only one



ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression.

Anacin gives you more complete relief than aspirin, even with buffering added. Here's why. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves—leaves you relaxed. (3) Fights depression. And Anacin Tablets are *safe, do not* upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today!

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by Lanolin Plus

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



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Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



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A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BADLANDERS, THE— M-G-M. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Peter Van Hoek,* Alan Ladd; *John McBain,* Ernest Borgnine; *Anita,* Katy Jurado; *Ada Winton,* Claire Kelly; *Cyril Lounsberry,* Kent Smith; *Vincente,* Nehemiah Persoff; *Sample,* Robert Emhardt; *Comanche,* Anthony Caruso; *Leslie,* Adam Williams; *Warden,* Ford Rainey; *Lee,* John Day.

CASE OF DR. LAURENT, THE—Trans-Lux. Directed by Jean-Paul le Chanois: *Dr. Laurent,* Jean Gabin; *Francine,* Nicole Courcel; *Catherine Loubet,* Sylvia Monfort; with Arius, Daxely, Michael Barbey, Serge Davin, Georges Lannes, Orane Demazis, Mag Avril, Balpetre, Josselin.

DEFIANT, ONES, THE—U.A. Directed by Stanley Kramer: *John Jackson,* Tony Curtis; *Noah Cullen,* Sidney Poitier; *Sheriff Max Muller,* Theodore Bikel; *Captain Frank Gibbons,* Charles McGraw; *Big Sam,* Lon Chaney; *Solly,* King Donavan; *Mac,* Claude Akins; *Editor,* Lawrence Dobkin; *Lou Gans,* Whit Bissell; *Angus,* Carl Switzer; *The Kid,* Kevin Coughlin; *The Woman,* Cara Williams.

FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST, THE—20th. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Hardy,* Hugh O'Brian; *Felix Griffin,* Robert Evans; *May,* Dolores Michaels; *Ellen Hardy,* Linda Cristal; *Emmett,* Stephen McNally; *Judge Parker,* Edward Andrews; *Dyer,* Ron Ely; *Finney,* Ken Scott; *Ames,* Emile Meyer; *Gage,* Gregory Morton; *Janie,* Shari Lee Bernath.

HOUSEBOAT—Paramount. Directed by Mel Shavelson: *Tom Winston,* Cary Grant; *Cinzia Zaccardi,* Sophia Loren; *Carolyn Gibson,* Martha Hyer; *Robert Winston,* Charles Herbert; *Elizabeth Winston,* Mimi Gibson; *David Winston,* Paul Petersen; *Arturo Zaccardi,* Eduardo Ciannelli; *Angelo Donatello,* Harry Guardino; *Alan Wilson,* Murray Hamilton.

ME AND THE COLONEL—Columbia. Directed by Peter Glenville: *S. L. Jacobowsky,* Danny Kaye; *Colonel Prokoszny,* Curt Jurgens; *Suzanne Roualet,* Nicole Maurey; *Madame Bouffier,* Francoise Rosay; *Szabuniewicz,* Akim Tamiroff; *Mother Superior,* Martita Hunt; *Major Von Bergen,* Alexander Scourby; *Cosette,* Liliane Montevecchi; *Dr. Szicki,* Ludwig Stossel; *German Captain,* Gerald Buhr.

RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minelli: *Jimmy Broadbent,* Rex Harrison; *Sheila Broadbent,* Kay Kendall; *David Parkson,* John Saxon; *Jane Broadbent,* Sandra Dee; *Mabel Claremont,* Angela Lansbury; *David Fennier,* Peter Myers; *Clarissa Claremont,* Diane Clare.

TALE OF TWO CITIES, A—Rank. Directed by Ralph Thomas: *Sydney Carton,* Dirk Bogarde; *Lucie Manette,* Dorothy Tutin; *Jarvis Lorry,* Cecil Parker; *Dr. Manette,* Stephen Murray; *Miss Pross,* Athene Seyler; *Charles Darnay,* Paul Guers; *Marie Gabelle,* Marie Versini; *Gabelle,* Ian Bannen; *Jerry Cruncher,* Alfie Bass; *Stryver,* Ernest Clark; *Madame Defarge,* Rosalie Crutchley; *Vengeance,* Freda Jackson; *Ernest Defarge,* Duncan Lamont; *Marquis St. Evremonde,* Christopher Lee; *Attorney General-Old Bailey,* Leo McKern; *Barsad,* Donald Pleasence; *Sawyer,* Eric Pohlmann.

TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN, THE—Continental. Directed by Muriel Box: *Humphrey Tavistock,* Laurence Harvey; *Helen Cooper,* Julie Harris; *Ambrosine Viney,* Diane Cilento; *Julie,* Mai Zetterling; *Louise,* Eva Gabor; *Rollo,* Michael Denison; *Anthony,* Derek Farr; *Comtesse,* Elina Labourdette; *Charles Tavistock,* Roland Culver; *Sir George Tavistock,* Wilfred Hyde White; *Saida,* Jackie Lane; *Lady Tavistock,* Ambrosine Philpotts; *Sultan,* Robert Rietty; *Marcelle,* Balbina; *Francois,* Christopher Lee; *Otto Kerstein,* Marius Goring; *Trevor,* Thorley Walters; *Judge,* Ernest Thesiger; *Sir Jeremy,* Griffith Jones; *Baker,* Hal Osmond; *Raven,* John Glyn-Jones.

WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES—Warners. Directed by Nicholas Ray: *Cottonmouth,* Burl Ives; *Walt Murdock,* Christopher Plummer; *Mrs. Bradford,* Gypsy Rose Lee; *Aaron Nathanson,* George Voskovec; *Beef,* Tony Galento; *George,* Howard I. Smith; *Bigamy Bob,* Emmett Kelly; *Sawdust,* Pat Henning; *Naomi,* Chana Eden; *Perfesser,* Curt Conway; *Writer,* Peter Falk; *Slowboy,* Fred Grossinger; *Loser,* Sammy Renick; *One-Note,* Toch Brown; *Howard Ross Morgan,* Frank Rothe; *Judge Harris,* MacKinlay Kantor.

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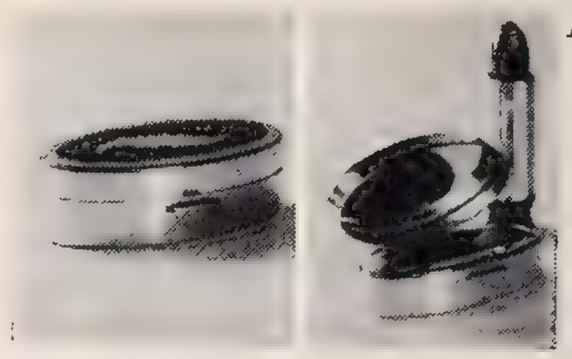
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A



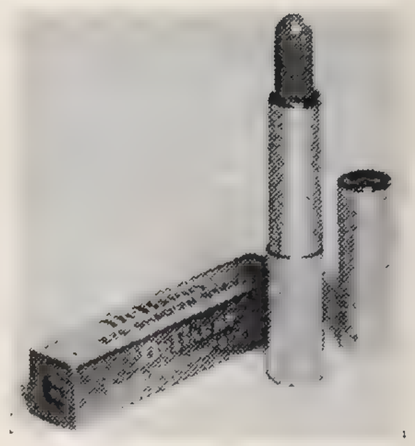
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C



D



E

A. On everyone's lips: Max Factor's Hi-Society case and new high-sheen lipstick. $1.50* to $4.50*, with lipstick. Case shown, $3.50.* Refills, $1.00.*

B. Eyes right: new Maybelline Brush 'n Comb to groom eyebrows, remove surplus mascara and separate lashes. Clear plastic with nylon bristles. 39¢.

C. Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six lotion, medicated liquid cleanser to keep skin radiantly clean, help normalize both lazy and over-active oil glands. 4 oz., $1.75.*

D. Golden Autumn, Prince Matchabelli's new cologne, is a woodsy Indian summer fragrance with leafy, mossy accents. $2.00.* Spray mist, $2.50.*

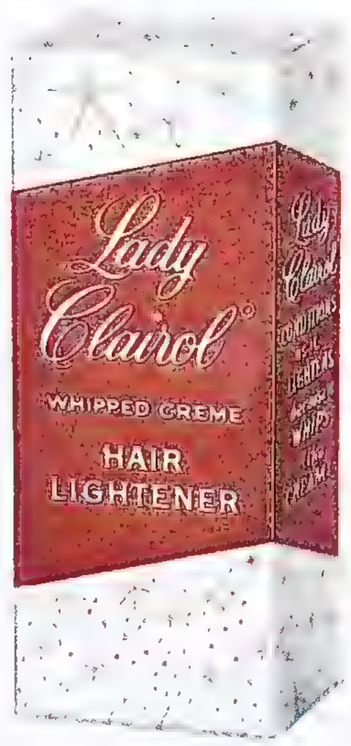
E. Eye cues: new DuBarry eye shadow stick in four shades—turquoise, royal blue, emerald green, star silver—to use alone or in combination. Each, $1.35.*

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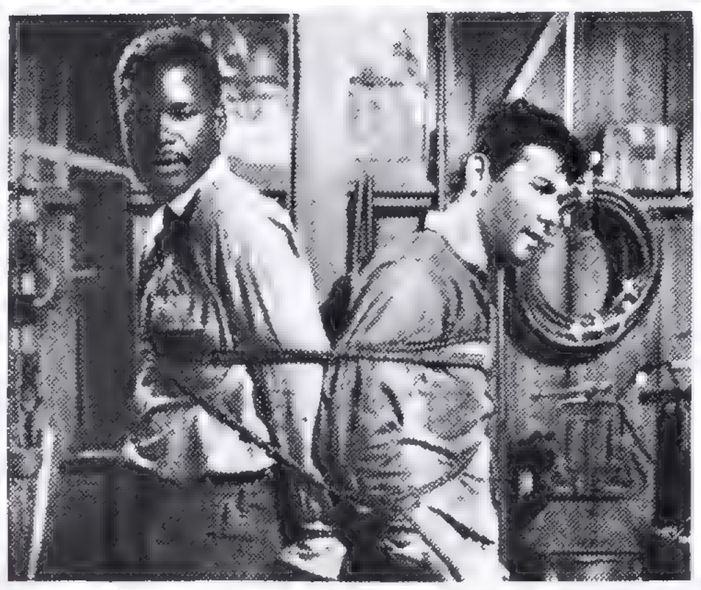
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✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

go out to a movie

What's on tonight? Check your local theater and date a favorite in one of these top new pictures





Houseboat PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ Sophia Loren's problem is very simple—her romantic life is a big nothing. A wealthy girl seeking adventure, her quest leads to Cary Grant (bottom left), diplomat, widowed father of three and in desperate need of a housekeeper. One reel later, they are all parked on a houseboat out on the Potomac—and hating it. The woodwork is afflicted with leprosy and the roof resembles a swiss cheese. Lightning frightens little Elizabeth, and David and Bobby are not sure they like their old man at all. Sophia is a domestic washout and is further addicted to late snoozing. Actually, Sophia has solved two problems in this picture. Fans of her Italian comedies have long wondered when their girl would be allowed to cut loose and have some fun. It happens here, and the gal is tremendous. And anyone who has previously watched the elegant Mr. Grant do battle with unruly children knows what fun that is. In brief, Paramount has produced the most completely charming picture of the year—a delight from start to finish.

FAMILY

The Defiant Ones UNITED ARTISTS

✓✓✓ This intense and compelling saga of a jailbreak ranks high among the few films to combine message and drama at the same time. Two convicts—Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier, top left—one white, one negro, are shackled together on a chain gang. To make their break, each must take the other along. Harried and hounded by a posse, their mutual hatred turns into respect and eventually into a solid bond of comradeship. The finale is a moving testament to simple humanity. Anyone who has been watching Tony Curtis since "Trapeze" shouldn't be surprised at his current acting. Poitier has long been one of America's major actors. And Cara Williams as the film's lone femme is, as always, first rate.

FAMILY

The Reluctant Debutante MGM; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ The unwilling damsel of the title is Sandra Dee, American-born daughter of Rex Harrison. Visiting her dad in the middle of what fashionable Londoners call "the season," she soon finds herself maneuvered by stepmother Kay Kendall through all the strange ritual of a "coming out." Just as our girl is ready to die of boredom, up pops John Saxon. But he plays the drums. Furthermore, he's half Italian. Tsk, tsk! So much for the "what" of this film. As to the "how"—director Vincente Minnelli has decked it out with every trick known to farce—some of them pay off handsomely. Sandra Dee is attractive and Saxon, placidly pleasant, but the main focus is on Rex Harrison and wife Kay Kendall, with actress Kendall cavorting like a piece of highly animated celery. Harrison sparks his scenes with a master's touch, gets a laugh practically every time he opens his mouth.

FAMILY

Me and The Colonel COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Jacobowsky and the colonel are as mismated a pair as you could find. Both are fleeing the onrushing Nazis across the France of 1940—the one a gentle and resourceful Jew, the other an anti-Semetic Polish officer bound for London. Further complications ensue when the colonel's girl friend finds herself drawn to Jacobowsky. Initially antagonistic, the two men gradually learn to know and respect each other. There is sometimes an indecision as to when to play for laughs, with the film taking a bit long to get going. But if the tone is uncertain, the performances are not. In the title roles, Danny Kaye and Curt Jurgens (*continued*)



For the first time . . . you're free as the wind—
lithe as a tiger's leap. Firmolastic™ control stripes
are actually woven into the stretch fabric! No overlapping
seams, no bulky panels, no sewed-in tapes. Sheer power!
More control per ounce than any other girdle!
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MOVIES *continued*

switch off—buffoon for straight man and vice versa. Kaye extracts a full measure of pathos and humanity from Jacobowsky, and Jurgens plays with a broadly comic dash few actors would dare or bring off as well. Nicole Maurey is properly decorative as the colonel's "lady," and Akim Tamiroff is hilarious as his orderly. FAMILY

The Badlanders M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ Amazing what a few twists here and there will do for some tired old situations. For one thing, ex-cons Alan Ladd and Ernest Borgnine not only rob a gold mine, they take the loot and ride happily off into the sunset. It's carefully explained that they are merely getting even for being tossed unjustly into the jug in the first place. Then there's Katy Jurado, a dame who has been a bit too liberal with her favors. But she has a "good heart"; she gets Borgnine. Finally there is beauteous Claire Kelly, clearly being "supported" by wealthy Kent Smith and loving it. Her heart clinks like a cash register and she gets Ladd. None of these people is particularly admirable but they are great fun to watch. There's a couple of lively brawls, a rousing combination gunfight-and-fireworks finale, and the mine robbery itself is a skillful exercise in excruciating tension. FAMILY

The Case of Dr. Laurent TRANS-LUX

✓✓✓ Dr. Laurent of Paris (Jean Gabin) has some peculiar ideas, one of them being that age-old methods of childbirth are tragically unnecessary and dangerous. To the suspicious residents of the little town to which he has come to

continued



In "The Badlanders," Alan Ladd, Katy Jurado, and Ernest Borgnine.

CLAIRE BLOOM co-star of "THE BUCCANEER"

A Paramount Picture in VistaVision Color by Technicolor



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a gentle lather that feels so good
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THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

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Used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other soap ... Lux is the proven beauty care. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux—or money back.

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practice, this does not sit well at all. His lectures on natural childbirth are treated with scorn, though Francine (Nicole Courcel), an unwed pregnant servant girl, volunteers to learn his methods. Francine is also the butt of local ridicule and the two make an apt pair. But gradually interest intensifies as Francine goes about the prescribed exercises. Women wonder aloud just *why* childbirth should be a thing to fear, and the town splits right down the middle in furious debate. Not the least of this film's many virtues is its triumphant good taste. It treads with enormous skill through the sensitive areas of pregnancy, marital relations and maternity. English language dubbed in. ADULT

Wind Across the Everglades

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ This saga of the struggle to preserve Everglades bird life was filmed by Warners in its natural Florida setting, and the results unfold in scene after scene of stunning visual magnificence. Unfortunately actors keep getting in front of it. Furthermore there is a script. No matter—the glory of the Everglades overpowers all. Against this superb backdrop is enacted the battle to banish marauding hunters and preserve it as a wild life sanctuary. Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer and Gypsy Rose Lee are among those involved. FAMILY

The Fiend Who Walked The West

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ The maniacal menace of the title is a vacant-eyed creature named Felix, played to shocking perfection by Robert Evans. When a sadistic prison guard tries to gouge his eyes, Felix feeds him ground glass. After Felix leaves prison, and as this gruesome film unreels, he shoots an old lady with a bow and arrow, coolly blasts her son with a shotgun, frightens a pregnant woman into miscarriage, cruelly ambushes two sheriffs, and tortures and kills his mistress. Eventually he is tracked down and exterminated by Hugh O'Brian, Stephen McNally and several other actors, all playing their roles quite effectively. Actually, as an exercise in sheer horror, this film is hard to beat. But it is definitely not recommended for children. As for adults—those with strong stomachs may find it to their taste. The squeamish are advised to look elsewhere. ADULT

The Truth About Women

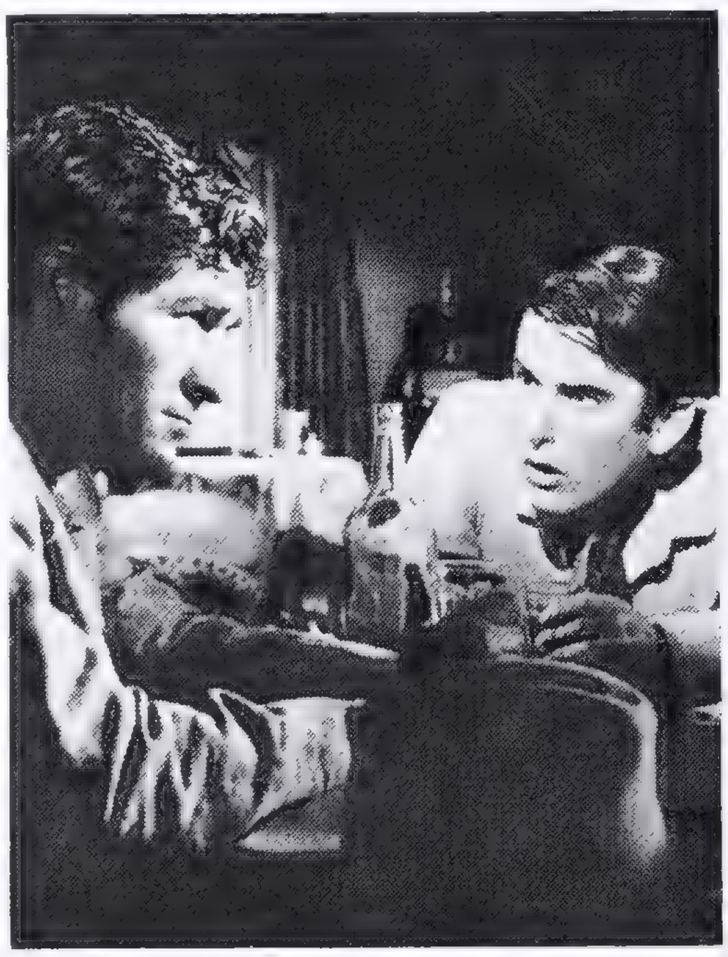
CONTINENTAL, EASTMANCOLOR

✓✓ This little grab-bag of five separate excursions into the ways of love would be altogether forgettable were it not for some delightful nonsense along the way. The reminiscences of Sir Humphrey Tavistock (Laurence Harvey) match him against a suffragette, a harem girl and true love—all easily dismissed. But when he gets to Paris—ah! All the rules are topsy-turvy in a manner only the French could manage, and some deft work by Eva Gabor and an enchanting French pastry named Elina Labourdette make this section sparkle. In the fifth episode, Humphrey is sued for 5000 pounds by an aggrieved husband. "Is your wife worth 5000 pounds?" scream the London tabloids as the judge and lawyers merrily turn the trial into a circus. The entire film is lavishly set and the color is gorgeous. And despite the presence of such stellar names as Harvey, Miss Gabor, Julie Harris and several others, La Labourdette is far and away the best thing in the picture. ADULT

A Tale of Two Cities

J. ARTHUR RANK

✓ This film marks an abrupt departure for the British. Their previous adaptations of the works of Charles Dickens have been both excellent and memorable. This current effort falls short. All the well-remembered elements are here. Crow-faced Madame Defarge knits ominously while her fellow Parisians swill wine from the gutters like half-crazed animals. Over in London, Charles Darney zealously guards the secret of his aristocratic French birth, weds pretty Lucie Manette, secretly loved by dissolute Sidney Carton. Coaches clatter excitedly through pea-soup fogs, the Bastille is stormed, the guillotine lops off heads. And all of it emerges as singularly unconvincing. The production is uniformly mediocre. FAMILY



TV's Wyatt Earp, Hugh O'Brian's both good and bad; Bob Evans, all bad.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓ ANDY HARDY COMES HOME—MGM: Andy returns to Carvel and Mickey Rooney returns to the role that made him famous. A crooked rental agent tries to ruin Andy's real estate deal, is thwarted with loyal help of Fay Holden, Cecilia Parker. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ BIG COUNTRY, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: The greatest parlor trick, western-wise, since "Shane," as director William Wyler takes a very old story, adds Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker, Charlton Heston, Burl Ives, Chuck Connors, emerging with a highly entertaining film. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—MGM; Metrocolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) Oct.

✓✓✓✓ GIGI—MGM; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lots of charm and gorgeous Parisian settings distinguish a fine musical. Demure teenager of 1900, Leslie Caron is groomed to be some rich man's pet. Louis Jourdan wins her heart but Maurice Chevalier steals the show. (A) June

✓✓✓ HUNTERS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Thunderjets and Migs fight it out over Korea, May Britt and Robert Mitchum struggle with their emotions, and Robert Wagner does his finest acting to date. (F) Sept.

✓✓✓✓ MATCHMAKER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision: Ably aided by Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine, Shirley Booth takes expert aim on another Oscar in the year's funniest film: a fast and furious game of romantic musical chairs. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE—Warners; Warnercolor: Amid scenes of magnificent pictorial splendor, Spencer Tracy gives a powerfully low-keyed one man show in the year's most unusual film experience. (F)

✓✓✓ PARISIENNE, LA—U.A.; Technicolor: Flip farce that glibly treats of infidelity and extra-marital affairs—with Bardot and Boyer in the boudoir, in French and English. (A) August

✓✓ TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS—U-I; Eastman Color: Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse and Arthur Kennedy in a low-voltage drama that has a distressing habit of spelling out its emotions in block capitals. (F) September

✓✓✓ VOICE IN THE MIRROR—U-I; CinemaScope: Richard Egan falls off the wagon and into his juiciest role to date. Wife Julie London and doctor Walter Matthau can't help, but formation of AA-type group with pal Arthur O'Connell does the trick. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ WHITE WILDERNESS — Buena Vista; Technicolor: Walt Disney's finest True-Life Adventure takes you on a guided tour through the wonders of the Arctic—with seals, polar bears, wolves, whales, ermine and a host of magnificent sights and sounds. (F) October

✓✓✓ WHOLE TRUTH, THE—Columbia: Stewart Granger, Donna Reed and George Sanders unravel a tricky little puzzler in which a "corpse" comes back and the wages of sin almost get paid to the wrong man. (A) October



New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer.

Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.



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DICK CLARK cheers:

2-4-6-8

WHO DO WE APPRECIATE...



TEAMS! TEAMS! TEAMS!



Boy," said Tony Mammarella, "that Princeton team is red hot."

"Correction," said I—and I had to really speak up to be heard above the blare of the football game over the car radio. "*Teams* are red hot—or haven't you been following the record charts?"

Tony nodded, but that was all. It was fourth down for the Tigers and Tony wasn't about to be diverted by shop talk. But a few days later, just as if all those hours hadn't passed between, Tony picked up the conversation. He's producer on my "American Bandstand" and we work together closely. So if one of us starts a thought, the other will pick it up—even if it sometimes isn't till days later.

The second time we talked about teams was just a few weeks ago. We were driving home after a record hop and we were just a wee bit tired. The "we" included myself, Tony and two of the representatives from record companies who had joined us for the outing. After rehearsing for the television show and then going on the air with "Bandstand," we had had only just enough time to grab a quick snack before heading for the hop.

Now it was just around eleven at night and there wasn't too much traffic on the road. One of the fellows began to hum some of the song hits of the (*Continued on page* 91)

by
DICK CLARK



the FOUR LADS

Connie Coderini, Bernie Toorish, Frank Busseri and Jim Arnold.



the DIAMONDS

Tedd Kowalski, Mike Douglas, Bill Reed and Dave Somerville (front).





Fred Milano, Dion Di Mucci, Carlo Mastrangelo, Angelo D'Aleo.

DION and the BELMONTS



From left: Danny Rapp, Joe Terranova, Dave White, Frank Maffei.

DANNY and the JUNIORS

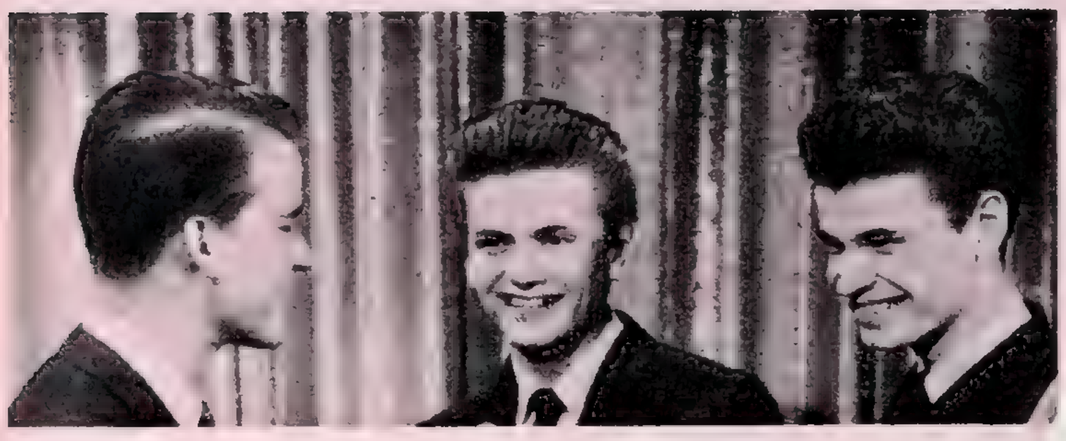
TURN THE PAGE



DICK'S ALL-STAR LINEUP

continued

You can't tell your favorites without a scorecard!



TEAM: The Everly Brothers
HIGH SCORER: "Bye, Bye Love"
THREAT: "Bird Dog"
PLAY FOR: Cadence Records
LINEUP:
Don Everly: Age 21, 5'10", 150, brown hair, gray-blue eyes, digs painting, sketching, records
Phil Everly: Age 19, 5'10", 150, blond hair, gray-blue eyes, digs foreign sports-cars, fencing

TEAM: The Four Lads
HIGH SCORER: "Moments to Remember"
THREAT: "Enchanted Island"
PLAY FOR: Columbia Records
LINEUP:
Bernie Toorish: Age 27, 5'10½", 160, brown hair, blue eyes, likes hockey and football
James Arnold: Age 26, 5'9", 125, brown hair, blue eyes, digs reading and playing golf
Connie Codarini: Age 28, 5'11", 160, black hair, green eyes, digs hunting, walking, hiking
Frank Pusseri: Age 26, 5'6", 160, brown hair, brown eyes, especially loves horse racing

TEAM: The Diamonds
HIGH SCORER: "The Stroll"
THREAT: "Eternal Love"
PLAY FOR: Mercury Records
LINEUP:
Dave Somerville: Age 25, 6', 165, dark brown hair, brown eyes, loves tinkering with radios, classical music, collecting records
Bill Reed: Age 22, 6'2", 180, light brown hair, blue eyes, likes studying music (Bach to bop)
Tedd Kowalski: Age 26, 5'10", 175, sandy hair, blue eyes, studies electrical engineering
Mike Douglas: Age 22, 6'2", 180, black hair, brown eyes, digs all sports, the theater

TEAM: Danny and the Juniors
HIGH SCORER: "At the Hop"
THREAT: "Dottie"
PLAY FOR: Am-Par Records
LINEUP:
Danny Rapp: Age 18, 5'4", 110, brown hair, brown eyes, likes cars, cars, cars and racing meets
Dave White: Age 19, 5'8", 145, brown hair, blue eyes, digs golf, swimming—outdoor fun
Joe Terranova: Age 18, 5'8", 135, brown hair, brown eyes, loves records and swimming
Frank Maffei: Age 18, 5'7", 130, black hair, brown eyes, likes boating and swimming

TEAM: Dion and the Belmonts
HIGH SCORER: "I Wonder Why"
THREAT: "No One Knows"
PLAY FOR: Laurie Records
LINEUP:
Dion Di Mucca: Age 18, 5'9", 165, brown hair, blue eyes, likes New York and baseball
Angelo D'Aleo: Age 18, 5'7½", 135, black hair, brown eyes, collects classical albums
Fred Milano: Age 18, 5'10", 145, black hair, brown eyes, classical pianist, Yankee fan
Carlo Mastrangelo: Age 20, 6', 180, black hair, brown eyes, likes jazz drums, Dodgers

what's right with this picture?

HOPE and DON

what's right...? everything! these

From Hope's album: Me, Kerry, the author (and childhood friend); a neighbor; "Hopeless" herself.



We used to call Hope "Hopeless"

As I hung up the phone, Mother came into the room and I gave her the happy news.

"Hopie's in town and wants me to meet her at six. Says she has lots of plans."

Mother didn't answer.

"I said Hopie's in town."

"I heard you the first time, dear."

"And she's got a million plans for while she's here."

"Naturally!"

"Naturally what?" I said, almost in self-defense. For some reason I was beginning to feel guilty for no reason at all.

"If Hopie is in town, *naturally* she will call you, *naturally* she will have a million plans, and *naturally* you will fall all over yourself to become involved."

"Well, after all, she *is* my best friend."

"Of course she is and I'm very fond of the child but really, darling, you have to admit to yourself that Hopie has a strange effect on you, even after all these years. I'd hoped it would change as you two grew up, but I've yet to see any promising signs."

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," I said somewhat huffily.

"You know just what I mean," Mother said, looking me straight in the eye. "That girl is as—she's just downright—well, I'm sure she hasn't changed one bit since the last time you saw her or, for that matter, since she was a little girl. I said it then and I still say it. She's *Hopeless*!"

I had to smile and I had to agree, and as I dressed to meet Hopie at her hotel I thought back to our first meeting long ago in Greenwich Village and then—I had to laugh . . .

As I skidded around the corner on Waverly Place I knew I was going too fast, and to make matters worse, one skate had come loose. So I did the only sensible thing, I stopped—or to be perfectly honest—I fell flat on my face. Luckily, I just missed a large mud puddle not more than a foot (*Continued on page 77*)

zany kids were made for each other

From the first day I met Donald Patric Murray I knew he was a guy who was going places. Everyone knew it and none of us was wrong. We were in high school and, unfortunately, he had a one track mind; he kept going to the same place week in and week out—the principal's office! Don spent more time on detention in the principal's office than anyone else in our class at East Rockaway High School, New York.

It wasn't that he got involved in incidents—incidents just naturally got involved with Don. Some people are accident prone. Don was incident prone.

Like the time he showed up for gym class. He was late, per usual—no sense of time was a disease in the Murray house—and we were all waiting around in the gym, the instructor tapping his foot and giving us all sour looks like we were to blame. Next thing you know, in prances Murray, dribbling a ball around the court, whistling and as happy as a lark. The instructor let out a bellow and, in a tone I must say I felt unfitting for a member of the teaching profession, hissed: "*Murray, report to the prin—*"

But he needn't have bothered because Don had already circled the gym and was exiting out the door on his way to the principal's office himself.

Being fifteen minutes late wasn't really that serious, but somehow I think the long red underwear and feather duster dangling from his drop seat was the last straw as far as the instructor was concerned. But then, he was new on the staff and that was his first introduction to Donald Murray.

Don was never one for formality.

I guess before I go any further it would be only fair to say something about Don's background so you won't get the impression he was a complete nut.

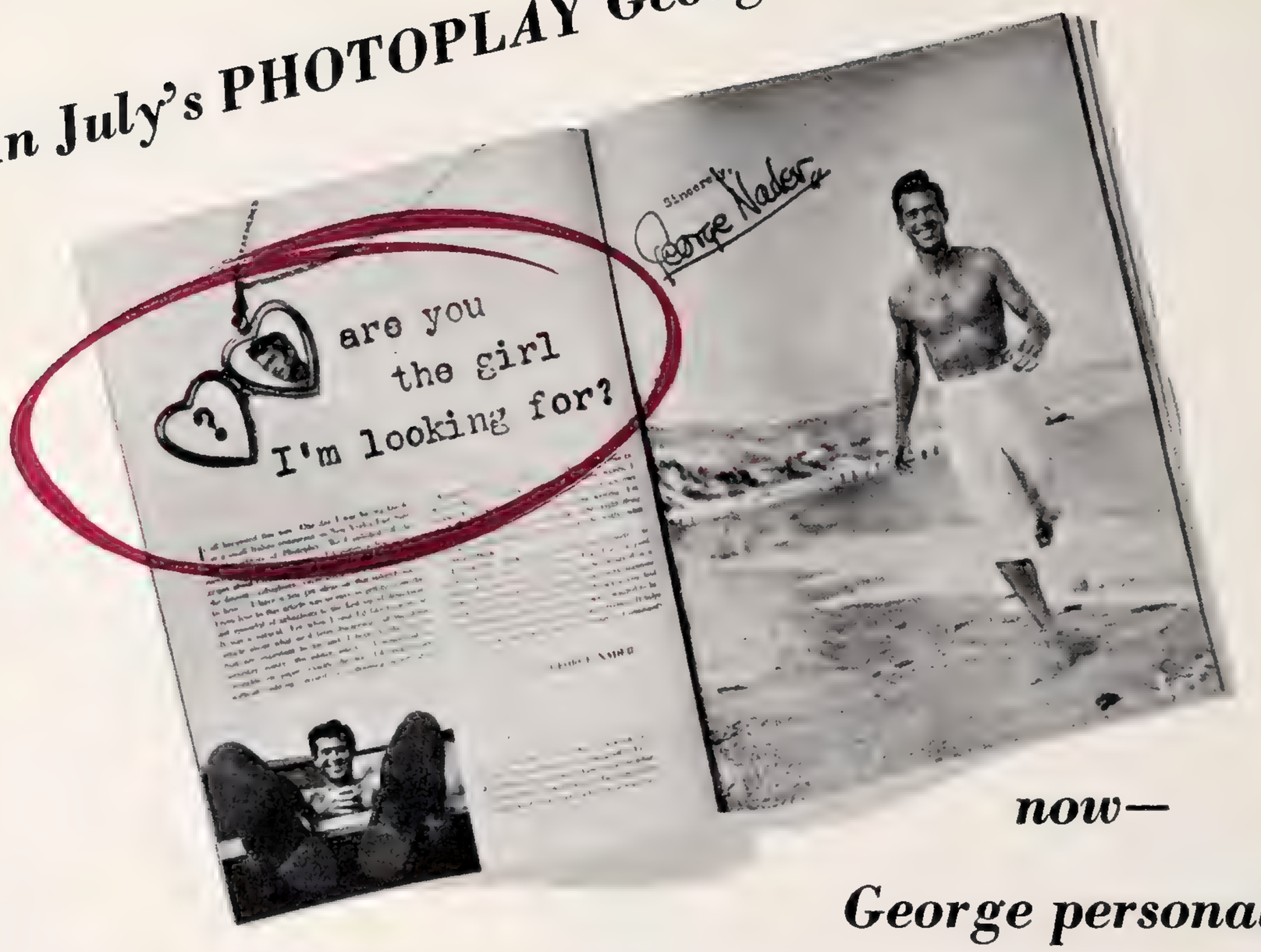
I think from the minute he was born Don wanted to be an (*Continued on page 76*)

From the Murray album: Don's sister; his Mom; me, John, the author; good ole "Nutzy" himself.



We used to call Don "Nutzy"

In July's PHOTOPLAY George Nader asked—



now—

George personally answers the

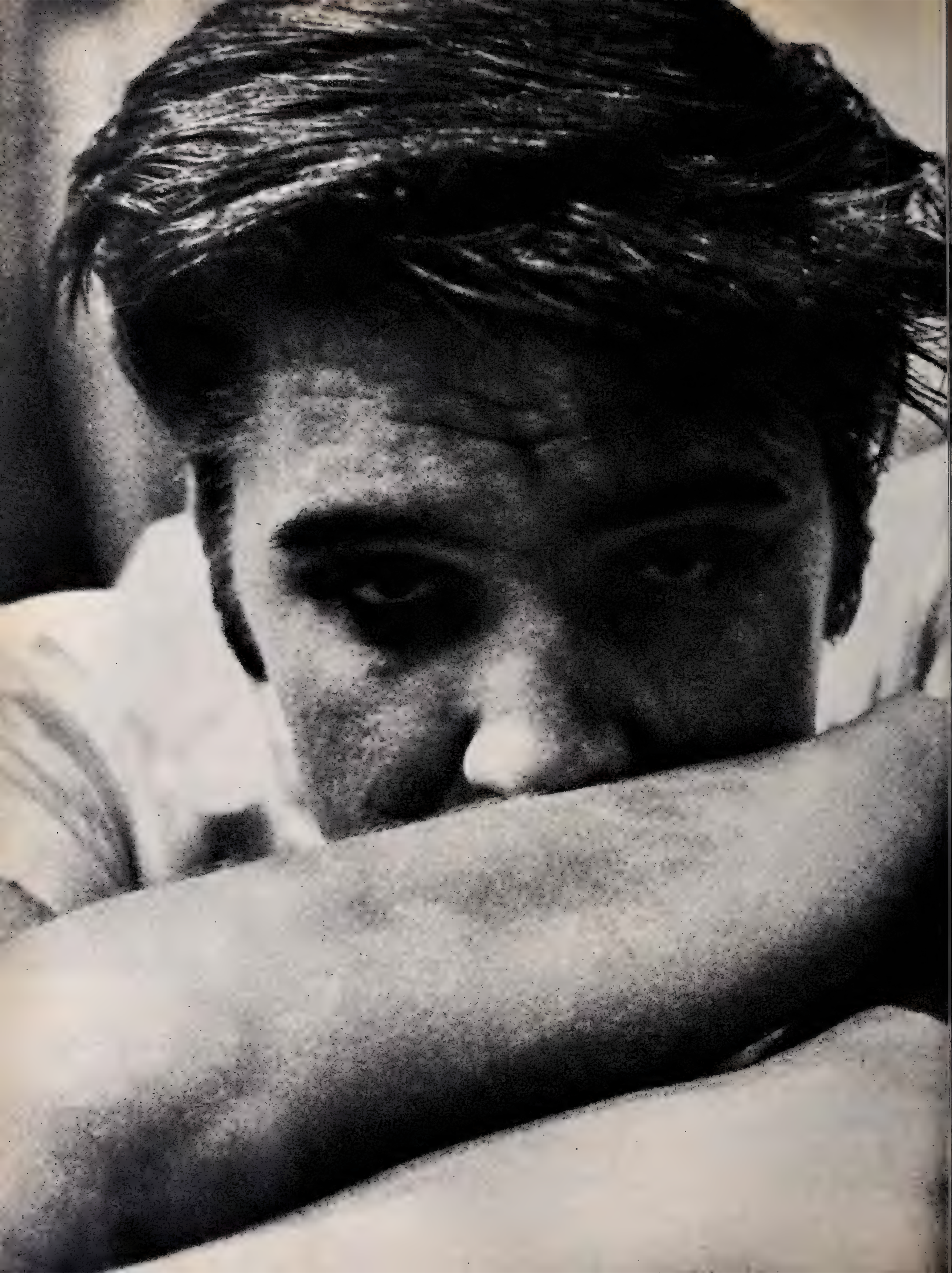
4,688 girls who said "yes"

Wow! How lucky can a guy get? When Photoplay asked me to write the article, "Are You the Girl I'm Looking For?", of course I was happy for the opportunity to sound off on the subject. But never, in my wildest dreams, did I imagine anything like the response I got. Bushel baskets of letters pouring in to me, and to Photoplay's offices in New York and Hollywood. And 4,688 of them—that's right, 4,688—offering to become the future Mrs. Nader!

To say this has amazed—and dazed—me is putting it mildly. With 4,688 candidates, all doubtless desirable, to choose from, what's a guy to do?

Well, there was one immediate problem: answering all those letters. Let me say right here that it wasn't the number of them that floored me. Every one was so thoughtful, and kind and sincere. Of course, I'd have liked to answer each one personally. But when I had to report to U-I every morning at 6:30, ready for action (or I hope you'll call it acting) in "Appointment With a Shadow" and didn't wend my weary way homeward until 8:00 in the evening, this was impossible. Come to think of it, even if I hadn't (*Continued on page* 94)





"why did my mother have to die now?"

Why? For the thousandth time since that terrible August day when it had happened, Elvis Presley asked himself that question. "Why did Mom have to die now?" He straddled a chair, his arms folded on its wooden back, his head buried in his arms. She was only forty-two, he thought, that's too young to die. He stared at the plain barracks wall. Outside was Frankfurt, Germany. That had been one of the things they'd planned together—their first trip to Europe.

When the Army had told his platoon they were being sent over, Elvis had rushed for the phone.

"Mom," he'd shouted. "How'd you like to go to Europe? Yes, the Army's sending me. Mom, you'd go first-class. Staterooms on a big liner, the best hotels . . ."

"Oh, Elvis," she'd protested. "You know Dad and I aren't used to that sort of thing . . ."

They'd planned the trip and he'd even made arrangements to take a little house for her and Dad near the camp. "On leaves, we'll drive through Europe. We'll fly to Rome and visit Zurich and . . ." he'd promised. After years of working so hard . . . years when they couldn't even afford (*Continued on page* 90)

by
MARGARET
O'DONNELL

Photoplay shoots the dazzle of a Hollywood

OPENING



THE STAR

The air crackled with excitement. Traffic outside the fabulous Cocoanut Grove was jammed, honking cars tangled three-deep, and a string of cops tried vainly to keep back the crowds, lined up thick for blocks. Teenagers, in line since afternoon, had even brought suppers in brown paper bags. The occasion? Judy Garland's opening in Hollywood, her own back yard. The glitter abounded out front, all right, but backstage, Judy's old panic had returned, and the odds were high she'd never go on. Photographers, reporters, well-wishers, her family—all closed in on her. She fought to regain her confidence. And then, too soon, it was time to go on. The yammering crowd



The Peter Lawfords arrived at last minute, were stormed by fans.

Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac had stars buzzing, "Love?"







Carolyn Jones, in new white fur stole, and her Aaron, had a ball; glamorous Susan Strasberg, dating Dick Bienan, was kept busy signing autographs.

stilled. The spotlight flooded on, picking up Judy—standing in a stark wool and satin suit, slit skirt and black stockings—at the top of the huge stairway. She grabbed the mike abruptly and started tensely down the steps. Suddenly, as she reached the stage, she tripped against a table jammed into the aisle. A woman nearby gasped. Tony Curtis, sitting at ringside, tried to help. "Well, the act's broken in now!" Judy laughed, and the tension was broken. The audience went wild, and from that moment on, Judy held them in the palm of her hand. After the third duet encore of "Swanee," with daughter Liza, a radiant Judy asked the crowd, "What'll I do for a fast get-off now?"

Then a squeaky voice from the last row piped, "Why don't you sing 'Swanee,' lady?" It was Jerry Lewis!

When it was all over, Frank Sinatra wept, Tony Curtis was flabbergasted and Judy called it the happiest night of her life. She and Hollywood had fallen in love again.



HOW MANY STARS can you count in this picture?

If you look carefully, you can find Jimmy Stewart, Janet Leigh, Louis Jourdan, Jean Simmons, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.

continued

OPENING

continued

WHO WAS WITH WHOM?

ROCK, LAUREN ARE ITEM

If there were any dying sparks left of the once flaming Bacall-Sinatra romance, none were evident at the Grove's gala Regency Room party following Judy's opening. Between Lauren, who dated Leonard Gershe, and Frankie, who came with nightclub impresario Jack Entratter, cool, cool drafts wafted. But to others, Lauren was gay, making the round of greetings to her many friends, including a tête-à-tête with Rock Hudson, right—and some even whispered of a possible new Hudson-Bacall duo a-brewing. Sinatra, his usual casual self, got into a gag tussle with Jerry Lewis, at three a.m. —wound up at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel drugstore, with buddy Entratter, having bagels and lox—but no Bacall.







DEAN AND JERRY:

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES?

JERRY: Gosh, this Cocoanut Grove's a classy joint.
DEAN: Is that right, Jer?
JERRY: Yeah, right after the show I saw a waiter roll in one of those fancy tables on wheels and on it was one of those juicy roast suckling pigs—with an apple in its mouth! Y'know, Dino, they really know how to serve baked apple around here!

(And Jerry and Dean slapped each other on the back heartily.)

"Just like old times," wagged a guest.

Had Martin and Lewis buried something? A hatchet?

Exclusive photographs by Photoplay's Roger Marshutz





LANA STEPS OUT

Lana Turner, making her first public appearance in months, looked slim, more beautiful, got strong applause. She came with Del Armstrong, her makeup man, ten of Cheryl's pals.



". . . happiest night of my life," sighs Judy to her sidekick, daughter Liza.



by MAXINE GEORGE

I never dreamed I, Judy Plumb,

schoolgirl from Iowa,

could find such love from strangers . . .

I baby-sat for the PAT BOONES



Here are the Boones: Debby, Lindy, Cherry, Shirley, baby Laury and Pat.

Mommy, why is Judy crying?" Lindy asked her mother. "Why is she packing her clothes?" Lindy was perched on the edge of the satin-quilted bed in the master bedroom of the big California villa that the Pat Boones had rented since coming to Hollywood, "because it was the only house with four bedrooms."

"Is she crying because I hurt myself?" Lindy went on.

Shirley pressed a gay, polka-dotted band-aid against her daughter's scraped knee. "Judy's crying because she's (*Continued on page* 86)



Judy'd grown to feel at home with them all—even in a big marble villa.

If anyone had told Judy she'd be spending her summer with Pat Boone, she'd have blamed it on the Iowa sun.

Cherry and Lindy got their first look at Judy at an airport. Now, at another airport, they were saying goodbye to the baby-sitter they'd come to love.





"Mike, these tender things remind me of you"



One gray day, three months after Mike Todd's death, Elizabeth Taylor Todd faced the hardest task of her life: packing away, sorting out, disposing of the remnants of her marriage—Mike's old belongings, the things that had been precious to him and now would never be used again. And on that day—despite the pleadings of friends—when she locked herself in the Palm Springs house she had shared with Mike and went, alone, through the dresser drawers, the always-packed suitcases, the closets, the empty rooms, she allowed herself for one last time to indulge in her memories. Allowing them to become, for eight hours, the present, even though she knew by then that if she were to build a new life for herself, she must begin living in the present and future. Not in the past. She had to forget what had been, and come to terms with what was left for her: life, her children, her work, her empty heart. Still, there were some things too precious to give up, some things that she did not (*Continued on page* 84)

turn the page



"Mike, these tender things remind me of you"

continued



LIZA'S DRESS

pink fluff
in a hospital room . . .
a picture-frame . . .
and a father's love
for his daughter . . .



THE STATUE

memories of Hong-Kong,
the city they loved . . .
and of the house
that was never built . . .



THE MANUSCRIPT

wonderful anecdotes
by the man
who died with Mike . . .
words that make
Mike live again . . .



MIKE'S WEDDING RING

pain and laughter . . .
marriage in Mexico . . .
and a premonition
of death . . .

GIA SCALA TRIES TO TAKE HER OWN LIFE



the tragic story behind a headline



When Gia put the phone down, she was still crying. She couldn't say why. People were kind to her, here in London. But the last time she'd been here, Gia couldn't help thinking, Mother had been here with her.

ACTRESS BROODING OVER MOTHER'S DEATH

The cool mist rolled gently across London, covering its streets and buildings with a gray, wet veil. It was late at night and very few lights shone through the thick darkness—but the town was alive . . . you could almost hear its muffled breathing.

High above the streets, in one of the post-war apartments, Gia Scala lay across her bed, her face buried in her arms, one cheek resting against the soft chenille bedspread. Suddenly the phone rang. Gia reached out immediately, before it could ring a second time. She had been crying.

"Miss Scala speaking. Yes, operator. I did. To Hollywood. That's correct. Mr. Dore Freeman, Hollywood, California. Yes. Thank you. Dore? Dore?"

"Yes, honey. It's me. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Gia answered, suddenly making her voice seem gay. "I'm fine . . . just fine."

"That's good," came Dore's voice. "How's London? And how's the picture?"

"Foggy and pretty good," Gia said. "And Hollywood?"

"Sunny and what can happen at (*Continued on page* 79)

by JAE LYLE



"Tony, honey, I'm so happy,"

Janet said, laughing through her tears—

I've never had a birthday party

Janet Leigh shifted a little uneasily before settling back into the black leather seat of their convertible. "Kelly's mother is getting slower and slower these days," she laughed gaily, smoothing out her blue trapeze maternity dress as she waited for her husband to start the car. She looked at Tony, and noticing his nervous fumblings with the ignition key, she realized he hadn't even heard her.

"You seem to be lost . . ." she started to say, but something made her hold back. *I mustn't criticize,* she thought. *He's been working so hard these past weeks.* Instead she waited patiently for him to adjust the seat, start the engine and back the car out of their winding driveway.

"You know," she said, finally breaking the silence, "I'm a little surprised at Debbie . . . I mean, I don't understand (*continued*)

by G. DIVAS



"A house, trees...the stork!"

Janet: You knew all about it!

Dean: Who? *Me?*





"Why are matches made so short?"



With a deep breath and a child's belief, Janet blew.



"Too pretty to cut!"



"What fun!"

Husband Tony found out his Miss Leigh

Had never had a par-ty

So unknown to Jan

He invited the clan

For a birthday ball lasting 'til three!



Laughing or crying?



"Think I'd forget your birthday?" scolds Debbie. "Shame!"



Between sobs, all that came out was "Oh Tony!"



"Hello?...Mother!"

birthday party *continued*

why she couldn't leave Carrie for a few minutes. Did I tell you? She called up this afternoon to wish me a happy birthday. I asked her over, but she said Eddie's still in Las Vegas and Carrie had a cold. Do you think we could stop by now, for a second, on our way to dinner?" she asked.

"I don't think we'll have time, Jan," Tony answered, checking his watch against the car clock. "But after all, it was up to Debbie to get over . . ."

"Oh, that's not fair, Tony," Janet interrupted defensively. "You know Debbie would have if she could." And then (*Continued on page* 88)



"After *two*? Oh, what a wonderful night!"

There on the curbstone, in the wee hours, was the gang, pitching pennies against the wall.



"Her kisses

make me nervous"

"I thought

he'd be a monster"



WHY JOHNNY DOESN'T GO FOR SANDRA

(and vice versa)

Sandra Dee pushed her foot down on the accelerator. Her T-Bird glided smoothly over the winding road leading to Universal-International Studios. It was eleven forty-five. In fifteen minutes she had a luncheon date with Johnny Saxon. And later that afternoon they were scheduled to give a joint interview on the subject of the *real* Saxon and the *real* Dee.

As she stopped for a traffic light, she realized her teeth were chattering. Absurd! It was so hot. Yet she couldn't keep them quiet. Then little butterflies began to dance in her stomach. Oh, no! she thought. Not that, too.

But it had been worse, she remembered, (*continued*)

by MARCIA BORIE



I can't stand the way Sandy fools around with younger men—hugging in public.

Sweet Sandy has a terrible temper. Bawls me out just *'cause I never stop teasing.*



WHY JOHNNY DOESN'T GO FOR SANDRA

continued

about two years ago, just before she first met Johnny. Then, everything seemed to depend on how they'd get along. *If* her test was successful she'd get the lead opposite John Saxon in "The Restless Years."

The light changed and Sandra drove on. Again, she remembered the day when she first met Johnny. That morning she'd read a fan magazine story about him. Even now, two years later, she could almost remember the first paragraph word for word:

> "John Saxon, one of Hollywood's handsomest leading men, is certainly a puzzlement. He's quiet, aloof, unfriendly, doesn't mix with his co-workers and turns down invitations to everything . . ."

And she remembered how scared the words had made her.

In the hours before her test she'd had conniptions. Of all the men in Hollywood to make a test with! He sounded awful—John Saxon—*monster.* But maybe the letter in her handbag would help matters. It was a letter addressed to John, written by a drama coach she had been studying with. The woman, who had formerly taught John, had written the note for Sandy to take with her.

"He's a very nice person when you get to know him," she'd told Sandy. "This letter will help you two get acquainted faster."

Sandy had gratefully accepted the letter. Maybe it would help, she'd thought—it *had* to. This screen test was very important to her. She needed all the help she could get. John just had to be nice to her; he had to—or she'd up and die of fright! . . . (*Continued on page* 82)

WHY SANDRA DOESN'T GO FOR JOHNNY



What can you do with a boy who is crazy enough to prefer silly gadgets to girls?

He's always *teasing. I feel like talking and he just plays dead—like a puppy.*





can DEAN *Stockwell shake off the*



Three years ago, James Dean smashed up his Porsche and died. A few months ago, Dean Stockwell smashed up his Renault—and walked away alive!

In those hours after he climbed out of the twisted wreckage of his car and left it behind . . . in those hours Dean Stockwell started taking his first steps in the long walk away from a shadow . . .

The shadow of Jimmy Dean . . .

The shadow that has followed him and haunted him since that day of September 30, 1955, when Jimmy died . . .

Now what made me think of that? Dean thought, cruising in his Renault that bright summer day. He felt the hot Hollywood sun warm the side of his face and neck. Traffic was light; the road ahead was clear. From his radio, he could hear the beginning of a Bach cantata. The music's like acting, Dean thought. Like working with Connie Stevens, Mark Damon or Millie Perkins, in the theater group. Building together. Finding the elusive themes of a great play and slowly fusing them until the play really lives—and *you* live because it does.

Aw, come off it, he thought. Stop sounding (*Continued on page* 81)



by JIM HOFFMAN

Jimmy DEAN *jinx?*





Jimmy Dean had so much to live for, but it all ended in the wreckage of his Porsche Spider, on the road to Salinas. Dean Stockwell was driving a foreign car, too, but he was luckier. He walked away from the crash, though he still had to prove that Jimmy was Jimmy—and that Dean Stockwell was himself.



CONTEST

HOW TO SEW--UP A DATE WITH--TAB HUNTER

by PAM LAW

Who is the girl in these pictures? She could be you! Read about Tab's search for the ideal girl, enter our fashion contest, and you *may be Tab's date-for-a-day!*

Ask Tab Hunter what he's looking for in a girl, and with a flicker of sadness in his eyes, he says longingly, "Someone to *share* things with!

"I've *had* this bit of I-like-blondes or I-like-brunettes. I don't care if a girl's blue-eyed or black-eyed. Matter of fact, one girl I liked suffered continually (poor thing!) from pink eye! My girl can be dark, fair, short, tall, wear glasses. All that's water over the dam. Why? Well, I'll tell you . . ."

Tab explained how, during his teen years, he had it all figured. His girl *had* to be a blonde with long hair, an all-year-round suntan, outdoorsy as all (*continued*)

Photoplay's fashion pictures were taken between scenes of Paramount's "That Kind of Woman," in which Tab stars as the paratrooper hero.



Left: Gill's sew-it-yourself wardrobe includes matching blouse and jacket in Wyner jersey (Simplicity 2603), plaid skirt (Simplicity 2654), in Milliken nylon and wool.

Right: Gill wears semi-fitted chemise and jacket (Simplicity 2640), in blue-green plaid, Milliken Orlon, wool.

SEW--UP A DATE WITH TAB *continued*

get-out, a great horse lover *and* a real belle-of-the ball.

"But life doesn't work out that way, doesn't always give you every little image in your dreams."

Now, he says, after a bunch of busted-up romances, he's decided to bank on mutual understanding. "That's what counts—two people who are willing to give to each other, willing to adjust and compromise to make the best of a relationship. And if it's true love," he adds, "it'll never stop growing." That's the kind worth waiting for.

What impresses him? The fact that a girl's smart enough to be herself, not a carbon copy of someone she thinks she should be like. "Carbon copy people are always dull," he says. "They never get off the ground."

Tab wants his girl to be neat and attractive, to find her own point of view in fashion. (*Continued on page* 75)





As Tab points out landmarks in "That Kind of Woman," Gill gets a kick out of her day "on location." She's also thrilled with high-waisted jumper and tweed pullover. The top (Simplicity 1172) is in Schlang's wool, nylon and viscose, while jumper (#2651) is of cinnamon nylon flannel by Lebanon.



"Wow! Dig that crazy paisley," said Tab when he saw Gill on the Sutton Place set in her flounced chemise of Heller jersey (Simplicity 2692). Ahrens headbands, Deb shoes, Coro jewelry, Coats and Clark zippers.

FOR CONTEST RULES, SEE PAGE 75. FOR WHERE TO BUY, SEE PAGE 92.



CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

1. I would like to meet Tab Hunter. I am: _____

2. I'd like to wear Simplicity Pattern Number _____

3. I like to sew. ___**Yes** ___**No** **If yes, why?** _____

NAME _____ **AGE** _____

STREET _____ **CITY** _____ **STATE** _____

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"Ziegfeld Follies girls wear colored nails!" shouted the headlines. "Shocking!" breathed America. "Scandalous!" cooed women—and rushed right out to get the new nail colors. That was 1919—and Cutex had really started something by talking the Follies into *the first colored polish*. Soon, every flapper had put away her old fashioned nail buffers to wear the new colors.



CIRCA 1919

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story behind what your nails are today... and may be, tomorrow!

Newest miracles: the *Cutex Spillpruf® Bottle* (you can take off the top and play tennis with this bottle and probably not spill a drop); *Cutex Nylon Brushes* (free of little loose hairs); *Cutex Pearl Polish* (an extra-long-wearing glamour polish with so much essence of pearl, it turns your nails into jewels); and *Cutex Orange-Gold* (the world's most exciting new shade).



CIRCA 1958

Coming up: miracles you never dreamed of. Keep your eye on Cutex for you may wear permanent polish, soon, or rainbows on your nails. You may even be "shocked" but you can always be sure that the smartest polish is by CUTEX®

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YOU

Even a star is not necessarily to the manner born! Training in poise and grace is importantly featured by coach Estelle Harman at Hollywood's famous Actor's Workshop. It's equally important to you—even if your ambition is to enchant only your own private public

HAVE AN AUDIENCE, TOO...

HEAD OF THE CLASS



"Both on screen and off," says coach Estelle Harman, "the way you hold your head creates a definite impression of character and personality." Above, she shows Yvonne Craig how to use her head to portray snobbery and conceit. As Yvonne tilts head too high and at an arrogant angle, rest of class watches intently. Seated, left to right: Joyce Beatty, Jana Lund, Erica Kulewitz and Fran Bennett. At right, Yvonne portrays shy girl. "Head bent timidly communicates a fearful personality," comments Mrs. Harman. "Fine for a screen role, but not for real life." Right, below, Yvonne holds head in correct position, comfortably erect, with chin parallel to floor. "This is a girl who is natural and at ease," Mrs. Harman points out. "Any girl can learn to carry herself with an assurance she may, at first, not feel. A confident manner has a dynamic effect, not only on others, but on herself, helping her to develop true, inner poise — and sooner than she may think!"





ENTER, YVONNE . . .





Rehearsal of entertaining-at-home scene provides class with opportunity to practice entering a room. Top, Yvonne, playing self-conscious role, hesitates at door, head bent, coat and purse clutched in crumpled heap. "Fine portrayal," Mrs. Harman applauds. "But only for characterization. Equally unattractive," she adds, "is an uncontrolled, too boisterous appearance." Bottom picture, Yvonne starts scene again, making an unhurried, poised, friendly entrance.

continued

How to dress as if money were no object



It's Simplicity itself—when you *make* the children's clothes (and your own!). It's so easy to get an "expensive" look—and a perfect fit—when you choose Simplicity Printed Patterns. Every piece of every pattern is marked with such clear directions, it's like having an expert advise you at every step. Even if you've *never* sewed, you'll be surprised how successful you'll be with these (or any other) Simplicity Patterns!
Big sister, Simplicity Pattern 2634. Little sister, 2632. Mother, 2617.

FASHION IS *Simplicity* ITSELF

SIMPLICITY PATTERN CO. INC.

YOU HAVE AN AUDIENCE, TOO...

continued

PURSE AND GLOVES





As rehearsal proceeds, coach Estelle Harman stops scene and selects Heather Ames to show right and wrong way to carry purse and gloves. Top: Heather clutches large bag awkwardly under arm and holds gloves so that fingers wobble. Above: Mrs. Harman approves as Heather carries purse easily on arm, gloves in hand, cuff exposed.

OVER THE TEACUPS



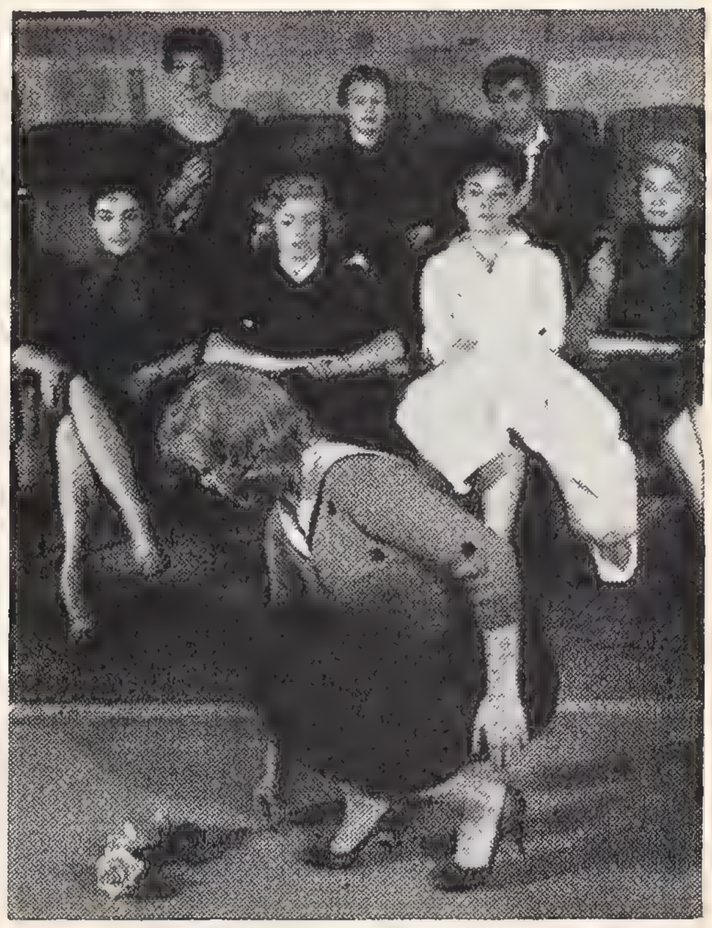
Later in rehearsal, Heather is again tapped to show how and how not to make an impression when refreshments are served. Left: She clutches teacup with saucer held under chin.



Right: Sitting gracefully erect, Heather now balances saucer on knee, and holding cup by handle only, brings it to her lips instead of crouching over it. No curled pinky!

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER





"Cut!" calls Estelle Harman during rehearsal, as Jana Lund bends stiffly from hips, legs straight, to pick up a flower. Right: Jana heeds coach's reminder to bend knees and stoop down, both for better balance and more attractive appearance. Interested onlookers are, front row: Heather Ames, Erica Kulewitz, Joyce Beatty and Colleen Drake. Back row: Mrs. Harman, her teaching assistant Patricia Lavin, actor Boyd Zontelli.

continued

YOU HAVE AN AUDIENCE, TOO...

continued

"HANDY" HINTS

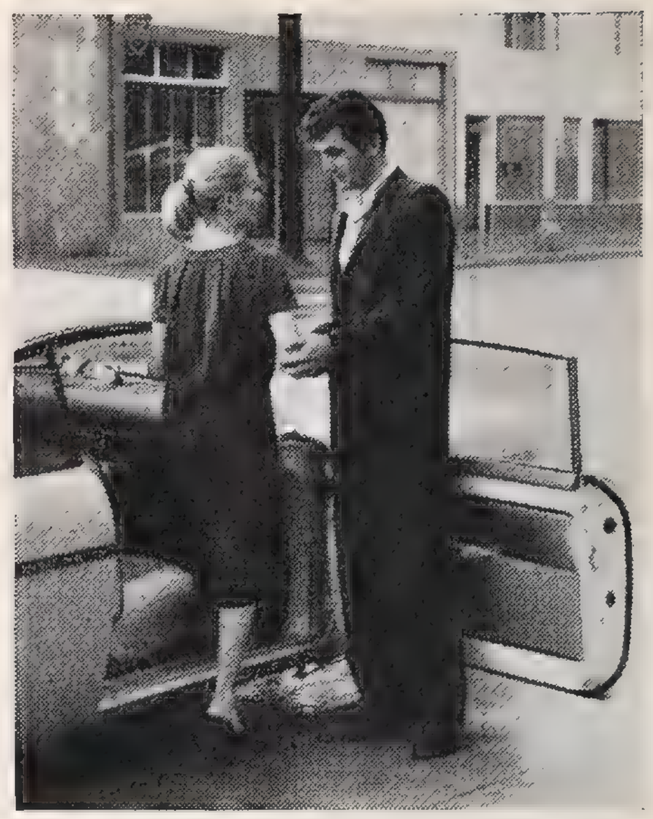




Just as rehearsals draw to a close and class is about to be dismissed, actor Boyd Zontelli arrived for private voice and speech coaching with Estelle Harman. Boyd, appearing in Paramount's soon-to-be-released "The Hot Angel," agreed to step in and help the girls act out social situations. In top picture, Mrs. Harman frowns as Joyce Beatty offers lifeless handshake. "No man would be impressed with that weak, limp grasp," she says. Above: Joyce acknowledges introduction charmingly with firm handclasp, friendly smile.

"INS" AND "OUTS" OF AUTOMOBILES





When class is dismissed, Estelle accompanies girls outside to practice entering and leaving a car. Left: Fran Bennett shows what not to do by climbing in head first and bent over. Right: Allowing Boyd to help her, Fran steps sideways into car, movements poised, self-assured.





"Now let's see you climb out again," laughs Estelle. She immediately called "Halt!" as Fran (left) began to push herself heavily up and out. Right: Again with help, Fran steps out sideways.

After each girl had entered her car to Estelle's satisfaction and driven away, she turned to us. "When you see these girls on the screen," she said, "they will move with the natural ease and poise people take for granted and envy in young movie stars. But it's not magic and it's not inherited. Any girl can achieve the same results with a little practice."

SEW UP A DATE

Continued from page 66

"Too many girls are afraid to have fun with clothes. They think that by wearing the same thing as everyone else, they'll get by. I like a girl who surprises me. Maybe she tries out a great new color combination or an offbeat paisley print. Don't get me wrong—you don't have to spend a lot of money. All you need is a little imagination."

Tab pointed out how Gill, Photoplay's teen model, got such a bang out of trying on the new dresses for our fashion layout. "A guy gets excited if a girl gets excited. The excitement's contagious!"

What else impresses Tab? The girl who sees beauty in simple things, doesn't have to go dancing at a jazzy night club every night, can go for a walk and get a kick out of the colors of autumn leaves.

"Maybe she likes Beethoven and I like Bach," Tab remarked. "Maybe she digs Ricky while I dig Elvis. That doesn't matter. Isn't it more important for us to understand each other as people?

"She's bound to be somewhere. The question is where? And I've been lonesome long enough," he smiled wistfully.

So where is she, the girl for Tab? Are you the one? He's looking! THE END

CONTEST RULES:

1. All questions must be answered on the entry blank and all information supplied as directed.
2. Mail entry, pasted on back of a postcard, to: Tab Hunter Contest, Photoplay, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 1, 1958.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible, except employees of Macfadden Publications, their advertising agencies and their families.
4. The winner must be prepared to make a trip to Hollywood and must allow her trip to be covered photographically for Photoplay. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.
5. The editors of Photoplay will be the sole judges of the contest and each entrant agrees to accept their decision as final. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, to be used as it sees fit. No entries will be returned. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.
7. Tips on answering first question: Tab has told you what *he* likes . . . now he'd like to know *you*. Tell him anything about yourself that you think he would find interesting and appealing, describing yourself—your likes and dislikes, your hobbies, etc. —as fully as possible on the entry blank.

P.S. *Last Minute Flash!* For the lucky runner-up there's a brand new Necchi Mirella portable sewing machine.



NOTHING does so much for a woman...

Beautiful eyes are your most important feature, so bring out all their hidden loveliness with Maybelline, the safe, natural-looking eye make-up preferred by women of good taste the world over. Maybelline makes every woman's eyes beautiful. How very beautiful, you'll never know until *you* try

Maybelline Self-Sharpener Eyebrow Pencil, $1, *Twin Refills* 43¢
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Brighten time-darkened hair—today!

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

DON MURRAY

Continued from page 39

actor. It wasn't that he just *wanted* to be one, he *knew* he was going to be one—and everyone else knew it, too. He didn't brag about it or think it was anything particularly special, and he never mentioned it unless someone brought up the subject. While we were all making plans to go to college or work, Don had decided on dramatic school. It was as simple as that and he never wavered. I guess being brought up in a home where his father was a stage manager and his mother an ex-Follies beauty had something to do with it, but neither of them ever pushed him into it.

Mrs. Dennis Murray was a real character, but don't get me wrong when I say "character." There wasn't a person in town who didn't love her, although she sure wasn't the typical American mother you see pictured on baking powder biscuit ads. She was always on the go and she still is involved in just about every community project imaginable. She instilled the idea in all of her kids that they could be whatever they made up their minds to be.

The Murrays' was the most informal house in town and I use the word informal loosely. You'd walk in the house on a Saturday, say around noon, and everyone would be sitting around in pajamas discussing one thing or another. Everyone, that is, except Don. He, you'd have to drag out of bed and wait while he tried to find his clothes in the mess that was his room. Socks that never matched and clean shirts that never existed were all part of it.

Don came by his zany habits naturally. He didn't affect them.

Like his never getting to school on time—or anywhere on time, for that matter. He was a good student—in the top quarter of his class—and he could have been an honor student without any trouble if he wanted to be. He just refused to exert himself. The one time he did exert himself proved somewhat disastrous.

He had a ninety-five percent average in trigonometry without even trying, and then I had to go and open my big mouth and bet him he couldn't get 100 on a test that was coming up. Don couldn't resist a bet. He sat up all night going over what he already knew and making sure he had everything down pat. He was aiming for 100 and he had it in the palm of his hand. The next morning he arrived in the class, without having been to sleep the night before, sat down to the six-page test in front of him—and promptly went to sleep. Needless to say he flunked with a big fat zero.

The only comment he had to make on the entire incident was typical of his attitude towards life. "John, I've set you a perfect example, so follow it. People who knock themselves out doing something they're not interested in just for the sake of ego or pride are in for a big letdown. I'm going to be an actor, not a scientist. Trig just bores me. I could stay up for two nights without sleep and not blink an eye if I were rehearsing a part for a play. It is destiny, my friend—destiny." No wonder he was voted the one most likely to succeed.

Yes, Don could be serious if he wanted to, but Don still had the reputation of being the biggest cut-up and craziest nut in school and he'd go to any lengths to get a laugh. There was nothing mean about his sense of humor and he'd never do anything at anyone else's expense as some clowns will. Just the opposite. He'd inflict more punishment on himself than was really necessary, all for the sake of laughter.

There was the night a bunch of us stopped at one of those all-night diners to get hamburgers after a movie. Don had parked his old '32 Chevy convertible (that had had thirty-two flats in one day) and we were all seated inside as he walked up to the big plate glass window and went into his act. Standing outside, looking in at us sorrowfully, he went into a pantomime bit of an old hobo à la the famous clown, Emmet Kelly. He held everyone in the diner spellbound. It was really beautiful to watch, and his motions and expressions were both pathetically sad and side-splittingly hilarious.

The only time I can remember when Don got the better part of fate and didn't have to pay the piper was one summer when we were about sixteen. His unusual run of good luck was due more to his physique than his psyche.

Don was six-feet-one and never weighed more than 138. To say he was skinny would be polite. He was a walking corpse. This particular summer a gang of us decided to go over to the Hewlett Point Beach every day. Now this was a very nice beach—nothing in the world wrong with it—except that they had a very silly custom of charging an admittance fee. We thought this over for some time and came to the unanimous conclusion that the system was undemocratic, and looked for another means of getting in.

Naturally, we found one—a slat in one of the fences had come loose and with a little groaning and grunting you could wiggle through onto the beach with no one the wiser. This is what we thought until we tried it. Don was the only one who could get through without any trouble. He'd always go first to show us how easy it was. Then just as the rest of us would start to follow—with a lot more effort—a beach guard would come along and we'd have to go around to the front entrance and pay just like all the rest of the honest citizens.

He never mentioned the beach incidents after that summer but the next spring he bought eight copies of a newspaper that carried an article on "How to Slim Down for the Coming Summer" and mailed them to us.

A real pal!

When Don wasn't getting kicked out of classes, falling asleep through tests and lectures or sneaking into beaches, he was busy being very social. He was one of the most popular guys in town but not really the party-boy type. He leaned more towards school activities and he was always organizing something or another.

He was a good athlete and crazy about sports but his weight (rather his lack of it) kept him off the football team, so he organized a second team. He was on first-string track and never missed baseball practice. Girls were strictly for weekends and then half the time he'd forget to make a date and find that everyone was dated for a big dance or get-together. The other half of the time he'd make a date and then get involved in some discussion at home and forget all about it. Any other guy in our crowd would have gotten the freeze from the irate girl. But not Don. From him they seemed to take it.

One night we were returning home from basketball practice—there were six of us in that old wreck of a car of his—and out of the blue Don snaps his fingers. "Hey, we've been invited to an open house over at that posh girls' school. Betty Matthews said to bring a friend or two."

So off we went, Don and his "friend or two."

When we arrived—dressed complete for the occasion in basketball uniforms, shirts, shorts and sneakers—we were a mere two hours late and the party was breaking up. In spite of our "charming" appearance, tardiness and the size of the group, Betty Matthews was actually glad to see us and we spent the next hour devouring every leftover sandwich and cake in sight.

I think I was a little disappointed Betty Matthews hadn't lit into Don but I felt better when I saw he had been cornered by the headmistress. She's probably giving him a piece of her mind and it serves him right, I told myself happily.

When we left I asked him what the old lady had been going on so about and he looked at me absently and said, "Oh, we were just discussing the merits of progressive education as opposed to the old-fashioned method. I told her I was a firm believer in the spare the rod and spoil the child theory."

"I suppose you're having tea with her next Wednesday to continue the subject?"

"No, next Thursday," he replied, solemnly. "Wednesday is the track meet."

And I know for a fact that Don went over to see that old lady every week for months. He never said what they talked about. I guess he figured it wasn't anyone's business. And it wasn't.

One thing I do know. He never went in basketball shorts again.

It wasn't that he set out to break the rules. He just didn't realize a lot of them existed. And he would have died rather than offend anyone.

There's just one more thing I want to say before I finish this, and to me it's the most important thing of all, for I think in some way it shows up Don for what he really is—if anyone can honestly say what another human being really is. It was the class yearbook incident.

Every year the students had dedicated the yearbook to the principal or a beloved teacher. This particular year, Don, who was on the yearbook committee, suggested dedicating the book to the old janitor who had been with the school practically since it had been built. That was just the beginning of his troubles.

Some of us agreed with Don because we liked the old guy, and Don must have called a half-dozen meetings to get the old janitor elected. However, some of the advisory faculty wouldn't go along with the idea, saying it would be "undignified," and Don was outvoted.

He got up and walked out and later sent in his resignation to the yearbook.

It wasn't that he cared about giving in to someone else's ideas. He was just seething at the idea that some of the faculty and students didn't deem the janitor good enough.

Well, I guess that's about all I can tell you about Donald Patric Murray, known for his "thoughtful introspection," "intellectual incumbrance" and "shy reluctance to enter the spotlight."

To his friends—to me—he was just "Nutzy," or sometimes "Sticky Fingers," a name we gave him one night in the East Rockaway movie house. The movie we were watching was a typical unhappy war picture and when someone passed Don the popcorn, he dropped the bag in the dark. When I looked at him closely, I saw he was crying. As we were leaving the movie house I kidded him about his sentimentality and, typical of the guy I knew, he said "You're right, John. Cheap sentimentality never did anyone any good. What the world needs is more laughter."

And I know I can always depend on my friend Don for that.—JOHN BROWN.

DON STARS IN 20TH'S "THESE THOUSAND HILLS" AND U.A.'S "SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL."

HOPE LANGE

Continued from page 38

away, and I was congratulating myself when an arm and a hand started pulling at my middy blouse and a worried voice questioned,

"You okay?"

The voice belonged to a blond-haired girl about my age—maybe seven or eight—and offering her hand she started to tug at me and pull me into a standing position. The only trouble was she was about half my size (I'm now five feet eleven). Before I could tell her to lay off she had me half way to my feet and was groaning and grunting, when she lost her balance and we both went head over heels backwards—into the mud puddle, naturally! The same puddle I'd been so proud of avoiding.

I glared at this idiot kid but it didn't have the least bit of an effect on her. From the look on her face you could tell she felt she'd really accomplished a good day's work and done her small part in *trying* to help her fellow man.

Although this was a long time ago, my first encounter with Hope Lange was typical of what our relationship has been for all the years I've known her.

And before I go any further, let me get it down here and now that Hopie's life was no different than any other kid's. It was just that her *approach* to life was somewhat unique. And if you just happened to get involved with her, as I did, you found a whole new world right under your nose. Of course it had always been there, but I am convinced it takes a special gift to see it and *exploit* it.

Hopie had the gift!

Hopie got her name "Hopeless" because it was just *that* if you tried to stop her from doing something once she'd made up her mind to do it. Also, because it never turned out the way she expected it to. But nothing ever fazed her, and when one of her schemes, plots, plans or dedications failed she found a new one and started all over again. The dedications were the worst and they wore us all out—family and friends alike—but now that I look back I know they served a purpose.

Now that Hopie has grown up, she and Don Murray, her husband, have been doing some pretty important work with refugees and that's not for the publicity, either. So I guess she had to have guinea pigs to experiment on when we were kids.

Take for instance the phase in her life when Hopie became *aware* of elderly people. As far as she was concerned, if they were "elderly" they were "helpless." Whoever it was who first told the joke about the Boy Scout helping the old lady across the street when she didn't want to cross it—he knew Hopie. She was always helping old people across streets whether they wanted to go in that direction or not. But everyone gets to know one another in Greenwich Village, and all the nice old people who lived in the hotels around Washington Square humored her. They'd let themselves be led to the other side and as soon as she'd disappeared around a corner they'd retrace their steps and go off in the direction they'd intended to go in the first place. It got to be kind of a game with them.

One incident that stands out in my mind during that period illustrates, I think, Hopie's determination to follow through once she has chosen a calling.

Two old ladies were standing on a street corner talking and Hopie spotted them as good material. Going up to them, or more likely, edging up—as she was finding out people "in distress" were becoming more scarce every day—she stood and stared until the women began to feel a little self-conscious. Finally, one woman turned to her and said,

"Is there something you want, dear?"

To which Hopie replied in a somewhat exasperated tone, "Well, if you want to be helped across I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd finish your conversation on the other side of the street. I have *my* life to lead, too."

She neglected to tell me how it turned out, but now that I think of it I'm willing to bet the two old ladies finished whatever it was they were saying on the park side. As I said before, Hopie was very determined once she made up her mind.

It was around this time that her favorite line was: "All worthwhile things that we strive for in life will always meet a certain amount of opposition. We must all *persevere*."

Of course, I didn't for a minute think she knew what she was talking about—she was always picking up things like that from older people. But she loved words—she loved "persevere" at that stage



"To dear wonderful Kerry," the picture reads. "Someday when I'm sixteen we'll both look at this and laugh. Hopeless."

—and she'd get it in whenever she could. ("Persevere" was in an eighth-grade speller we were reading in spite of the fact we were only in the fourth grade. Hopie's attitude was, "Why waste your time on a fourth-grade speller when you can get your hands on an eighth-grade one?")

I neglected to say she had a crush on an eighth-grade boy—practically a *man*—and that might have had a great deal to do with the entire matter. However, we both "persevered" through the fall and if I remember correctly, both flunked fourth-grade spelling. Never daunted, Hopie pointed out that had they given us the eighth-grade test we would have passed with flying colors and probably been graduated right into high school. Which was where she wanted to be anyway, as she had this big dream about being the first girl to play football, and although she didn't know the first thing about the game, she said she knew she wanted to "run interference." It figured.

I guess about the closest we ever came to getting into any real trouble was at the wedding. I say "we" because there's one thing you had to give Hopie credit for. Whatever she did she'd always include her friends. Selfish was a thing she wasn't.

It was a bright Saturday afternoon, early in June, and we were roller skating along, minding our own business (for the moment), when Hopie stopped dead and pointed.

"Look, a wedding."

Sure enough, a bride and her father were getting out of a big, long car in front of Trinity Church and, as we watched, they entered a side door, as did a number of girls who Hopie proudly informed me were bridesmaids.

"Let's go," she said.

I started skating down the street.

"No, not that way, dopey. Follow me."

She led the way to the back of the church, where we removed our skates and hid them under some bushes. Then, following her lead, I found myself entering the church by another side door and slipping into the last pew. The place was filling up rapidly but we managed to get seats right on the aisle, which I later came to think of as most unfortunate.

We were beginning to get some pretty dirty looks from everyone around us—especially the ushers, who kept asking one another who had seated us—and I distinctly heard a lady across the aisle say:

"They *must* be friends of the groom. They're on *his* side."

None of this bothered Hopie in the slightest and I don't think it even occurred to her we might look just a little bit out of place. After all, we hadn't roller skated into church or anything, had we? But still, both of us had on blue cotton shorts, dirty white T-shirts and skate keys around our necks. Our faces were as dirty as faces can get when you haven't washed them for eight hours and you're nine years old. I am pained to say that afterwards some unkind soul referred to us as "urchins," which was a big lie, cuz we both had homes and came from respectable families. Anyway, that's what Hopie answered.

Well, it seemed like that wedding would never start, what with one thing and another, but finally the bridesmaids and flower girl and rest of the gang appeared (we could see everything, being in the back pew) and then, at last, the bride and her father. At the age of nine I didn't see why you needed so many people just to get married, but Hopie said it was a "fashionable wedding" and they were doing it up brown.

In any case, they all got themselves organized and started down the aisle. From where we were we could see the bride was having trouble with her train, and there was much fixing and fussing right up to the last second. All was going well or as well as anyone expected it to, until I heard Hopie's voice hiss beside me.

"She's never going to get down there without that thing tripping her up. She's going to break her neck for sure."

And with that Hopie was out in the aisle, train in hand, and a member of the procession.

I was really very proud of her. Here she didn't even know the people and she was giving them a hand. Then it dawned on me that somehow she looked out of place. This occurred to me at about the same time it occurred to some three hundred other people—the ones who had been invited. Also, the bride was beginning to get a little nervous sensing that something was wrong (half the guests were doubled over laughing), but she couldn't for the life of her figure out where the trouble was.

But no one need have worried, because as soon as Hopie had the bride safely down the aisle she turned around and marched straight back to the pew. If it hadn't been a church I honestly believe she'd have gotten a round of applause.

When the ceremony was over we were

the first ones out—even before the bride and groom. It was when we were putting our skates on that we overheard some woman refer to "the little urchin on the tail end." That was when Hopie spoke up, but I think her pride was hurt just the same. We went straight back to her house to get something to eat and as we were gulping our milk in the kitchen she said: "If you think I'm going anyplace anymore where people are so impolite, you're crazy. You do something for someone and they walk all over you. That's the last wedding I'll go to this spring."

And she was true to her word. We must have passed a dozen weddings that season, but she never wavered. Thinking back I guess it was all for the best.

The next few years passed quickly, but if it hadn't been for Hopie I have a feeling they might have dragged along. She always had a "plan of action" or "something we can sink our teeth into."

Summers were always the best for "projects," and I think she spent all winter planning what her next summer project would be.

After the death of her father, Hopie and her mother had moved to Greenwich Village and Hopie's mother had opened a restaurant called Minette of Washington Square. One particular summer, Hopie decided she was going to "help out" and wait on tables. I don't think her mother was very crazy about the idea but Hopie pleaded until her mother gave in. She was hired.

The night she made her debut at Minette's was probably the busiest night they ever had in their history, although it started out at its usual pace. One of the first couples to come in was an actor and his date, an out-of-work actor, but an actor nevertheless. Hopie knew them and, after an exchange of hello's and such, they ordered. When it came time to ask for the check, Hopie grandly informed them it was "on the house to anyone in the theatre."

Well, I don't have to tell you how long it took that one actor to spread the happy word. By 9:30 the place was packed to the doors. Hopie had OK'd about six checks and was happily working on the seventh when her mother stopped by the cashier to see how things were going.

I learned all this later on that night as Hopie lay in the twin bed next to me in my room. She had decided to stay with me until things blew over. It wasn't that she was afraid of facing her mother after they closed up the restaurant for the night or afraid of the bawling out she'd get. It was just that her pride had been wounded and she wanted someplace where she could lick her wounds in privacy. It was the first time she'd ever been fired.

Being temporarily out of the restaurant business, Hopie decided she would become successful on her own, in spite of her family, and started a dog walking service. The dogs belonged to people who went to business and she contracted with five different people to walk their dogs once a day, five days a week, for twenty-five cents a week per dog, that is. On paper this was $1.25 coming in every Friday, which is pretty good if you're ten years old and plan on going to the park anyway. She made a deal with me to split fifty-fifty if I'd take half the dogs—which came to two-and-a-half dogs apiece and which we never did quite figure out how to even up—and we were in business.

Every day we'd pick up the dogs around the neighborhood, go to the park, buy Good Humors and walk the dogs around for an hour. It certainly wasn't very hard work and, as my mother said, it kept us out of the apartment. But it didn't take me long to figure out something was wrong. Every day when we got to the park we'd buy a Good Humor apiece out of our allowance and then Hopie would buy one for each of the dogs. They were ten cents each in those days but that still came to fifty cents a day for the dogs. The way I figured it, even though we would make $1.25 at the end of the week, our overhead was $2.50 and I just couldn't afford it. When I submitted my resignation I told Hopie I guessed I just wasn't ready for big business yet.

By the end of the week she decided she couldn't afford the dog walking service, either. When I asked her why she just didn't give up buying the darn dogs the ice cream instead of giving up the business, she looked at me as if she could see I would never understand her. She was right!

"You *know* I can't resist a Good Humor, and when I ate one those animals stared at me with their tongues hanging out and I felt guilty. You know, though—I bet they never had a better week in their whole lives."

Then there was the time we took a fling at politics—though it was really more of a swat. We were offered the fantastic sum of fifty cents each to distribute political pamphlets around the Village. They were those standard forms telling you why you should vote for so-and-so, what he stands for, what he promises, etc.

For months she didn't smile. Old friends couldn't help her. Nothing seemed to matter. Then, in a new place . . . with new people . . . she began to live again.

In December's PHOTOPLAY you'll want to read how

A small-town takes Liz and her kids to its heart

We started up one side of Eighth Street and came down the other side but no one seemed the least bit interested in the state of New York City politics—or they were all in too much of a hurry to stop and take a pamphlet. Then, before I knew what was happening, Hopie was bellowing in a loud voice I didn't even recognize and our job was over in a matter of minutes. I think the exact words and phrasing she used went like this: "Learn the real truth about the dishonesty and corruption of your present legislation." And then she went on to add the clinching line which, really, I didn't think was at all necessary: "Poverty and disease have followed in the wake of this man, and my friend and I are living examples of what bad government can do to the under-privileged, underfed and weak in spirit."

Of course I didn't think anyone knew what it was she was getting at or saying and I don't think she knew either. But those pamphlets went like hotcakes.

Then there was that spring I'll never forget. Hopie became interested in ART. She didn't exactly become interested in it but the Annual Art Show was about to go on display around the park and Hopie felt she should be represented. The fact that she'd never painted a picture in her life didn't seem to enter her mind. Throwing together (and I use the words loosely) a half dozen still lifes—trees with leaves, trees with falling leaves and trees without leaves—we set up a stall near the corner of Washington Square and University Place. It wasn't really legal or anything because we never registered or whatever you're supposed to do, but no one paid any attention to us anyway so it didn't really matter.

We sat around for a couple of days getting nowhere—everyone would give us a quick glance and smile and walk away—and then Hopie said she was going to make the rounds of the other exhibitions and see what *they* had to offer.

She was back within an hour—all smiles.

"We've just been on the wrong track," she said breathlessly, as she started to rearrange her canvasses. "There's a whole new trend I didn't know anything about."

"What on earth are you doing?" I exclaimed.

And then it was obvious what she was doing. "Hopie—you're turning all your paintings *upside down.*"

She stood back and appraised them with that old familiar light in her eyes. "*Abstract,*" she said.

After that the public's interest picked up considerably and even a few of the other artists began coming around to see what "those crazy kids are up to now."

We even sold one to a man who, if you ask me, was crazier than we were if he was willing to pay perfectly good money for one of those things. He said he liked to encourage youth and with that handed Hopie five dollars. If there's anything anyone knows who knows Hopie it's that a little encouragement goes a long way with her. Before I could shut her up she had to go and turn the painting right side up and tell him the truth. Then as an afterthought, she added brightly:

"But you're really getting two pictures for the price of one."

And the man nodded solemnly and then—you know what he did? Naturally! He handed her another five dollars.

It could only have happened to Hopie.

There are a lot of other little sidelights that made our lives interesting while we were growing up. Like the pigeon cemetery we had going in one corner of Washington Square before the Commissioner of Parks stuck his big nose in. And the shows we used to give in the LaFayette Hotel where Hopie lived. We'd partition off a part of the third floor hallway and do one-act plays for the other guests—for a nominal fee. (Somehow the Fire Department, Board of Health and Child Labor Board became involved in this one.)

I think my mother sums it up as well as anyone.

"I don't know if Kerry is ever really going to grow up. And if you want to know the truth I think she was *influenced.* She's been a little odd ever since the days we lived in Greenwich Village and you can't tell me Hopie Lange wasn't at the bottom of it. She was a darling child, bright as they come but—well, to be perfectly frank—she was just HOPELESS!"

When I think back on those years of following Hopie wherever she led—wherever she led usually being one "situation" after another—I realize that a good fairy must have been smiling down on us all the time. I think she was smiling because she knew Hopie loved life and people so much, and because I loved Hopie.

—KERRY SMITH

HOPE STARS IN 20TH'S "IN LOVE AND WAR" AND "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING."

GIA SCALA . . .

Continued from page 55

M-G-M's still department that would make news?" He was silent for a moment, then he added, "We miss you."

"Dore, I called to ask a favor. How are my birds? How do they like their new home in your apartment? Would you mind . . . would you mind putting the phone next to the canary cage?" Gia raced on. "I want to hear my birds sing."

"Sure," Dore replied. "Sure." He pulled the phone extension-cord out full length and turned the mouthpiece towards Gia's four canaries.

"Can you hear them, Gia?"

"Yes."

For a full minute Dore Freeman held the phone next to the cage. When Gia's mother had died, she'd asked him to take care of Gia. Ever since, he'd tried to make Gia feel a part of his own family.

Dore put the phone up to his ear.

"Gia? I want you to know that you're the only girl who could make me stand here like an idiot and play sound man for four birds. I . . . Gia?" He heard sobbing. "Gia, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. The bird's singing. It's just so beautiful. Dore? Are the flowers fresh on Mamma's grave?"

"Yes, of course. Gia, you're worrying me. You know what? Is someone with you? I don't want you to be alone."

"I had a house-warming party tonight," she said. "There are still a few people here."

"Gia."

"Yes, Dore."

"Don't cry. Please."

"I'm crying because I heard the bird's singing, Dore. Goodbye."

"Gia? Gia?" Dore called. But there was silence.

Gia replaced the phone on its hook—carefully, as if she had made a decision. The tears began again. She'd started to cry again. Then she stood up and walked across the room to a bureau. She'd gone there to get a tissue, but as she looked down at the bureau, there was that letter, postmarked Hollywood. *"I thought you and Buddy Bregman were ablaze . . . Did you know he became engaged recently . . . ?"* The letter hurt, she didn't know quite why.

Gia had moved heavily through the past few days. It was as though a dark cloud had covered her world and she couldn't lift it.

She found herself thinking more and more of her mother. Perhaps it was seeing her father again, here in London. Perhaps it was because, the last time she had been in London, her mother had been with her . . .

Gia's hands hung lifelessly at her side. She walked back to the bed, the tears coming more quickly now. In the other room, a few stragglers were keeping the party going with jazz records.

"I should join them," Gia thought. She took a half-step towards the door. "No," she whispered. "I can't." She sank down on the bed, burying her face in the pillow and sobbing, *"Mamma mia, Mamma mia."*

Somehow, she drifted off into a troubled half-sleep. Suddenly—she didn't know how much later—she awoke with a start. She brushed the strands of hair from her tear-streaked face and listened. Something was wrong! Why was it so quiet? She glanced at the little clock on the bedside table and was shocked to see how much time had slipped by. She rose and walked to the bathroom. She put cold water on her face, and then warm water, holding the washcloth to her eyes to bring



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down the swelling. She reached for her makeup kit and used the tricks she had learned from studio makeup men to put on her "happy face." A final straightening of her dress, a last quick glance at herself in the full-length mirror, and she opened her bedroom door and stepped out into the living room.

It was empty. Her guests had left. She was alone again. She heard a noise on the terrace. She walked across the room, cautiously glanced out into the misty darkness. A man sat in a chair by the railing, staring off into the murky darkness. Pietro Scoglio turned when Gia approached and smiled as she stood beside him.

"Papa. *Ma che cosa fate?*"

"I am doing nothing, Gia. I just wait for my little girl to find her Papa."

"Have you been here long?"

"Well, I come very early, but you have friends. So I sat across the street in the little restaurant until they leave. I do not want to impose myself."

"Do not talk foolishly—you are my Papa, I am your daughter."

"Perhaps sometimes we forget."

"Oh Papa, what's wrong with me? Why can't I get over Mamma's death?" Gia cried and sank to the floor of the terrace, resting her head on his lap.

"Gia. *Figlia mia.* The tears still come when you think of your Mamma? She would not be happy to see the pain you have in your heart."

But Gia was not listening. She was back in the hospital, outside her mother's bedroom, remembering their last day together. Her mother was dying of cancer and Gia was playing another role—perhaps the most difficult—pretending all was well and that her mother would soon be better. She had carried champagne to her that evening and she and the doctor toasted Eileen Scoglio. They laughed and had another glass when Mrs. Scoglio asked to return their toast. And then the doctor had taken Gia aside.

". . . Is there any chance that Mamma will get better?" she asks the doctor.

"No," he answers, "none."

"How long?" she asks.

"A few weeks, maybe less. With cancer, it's hard to say for sure."

"Does Mamma know?" Gia asks quickly, twisting the corners of a handkerchief she holds.

"I don't think so," the doctor answers.

"She must *not* know," Gia says.

The night nurse turns out Mrs. Scoglio's bed-lamp and Gia tiptoes down the hall toward the elevator. *I must go where I can think,* she says to herself. *I must go where I can think . . . and pray.*" So Gia climbed into her car and headed for the ocean, for the Pacific, where she could walk on the sand and gaze at the ocean and be close to God.

As her sportscar rounded a sudden curve on the steep hill leading to the beach, she suddenly lost control of it, crashing into a hedge in front of a house and battering her car. By some miracle, she was unhurt. But the humiliation that followed made Gia feel grateful that her mother never knew what happened. She was taken to the police station, booked on suspicion of drunken driving, and for three hours remained there, until her bail was raised.

She remembered being in the courtroom the next day—telling how she and her mother had the champagne together. The case was dismissed, but she resolved never to take a drink again.

Gia, are you listening?"

"Excuse me, Papa. My mind was floating away."

"I understand, Gia. But I want to talk to you. Those people . . . that dancing . . . all that noise, that's not . . ."

"Papa," Gia interrupted. "Tonight . . . I was trying so hard . . . so hard to have fun. You shouldn't stop me. . . . Mamma wouldn't have." She was silent a long moment. Then she said quietly, "I must take a walk."

"Now, Gia? But it is so late. A girl must not walk the street alone."

"I must get away. . . . Someone is waiting."

"I do not approve." His voice was slightly raised.

"Papa, you never did." Then she dashed out without saying goodbye, leaving her father behind. But he rose and followed her.

Leaving the apartment lobby, they stepped into the night. The darkness—the damp coolness that surrounded Gia frightened her suddenly. That feeling was with her again. She was alone—the darkness was covering her up. She couldn't push back thoughts of her mother. . . . At the burial she had wanted to cry out, "You are covering up all the goodness and warmth I possess. You are covering up my soul. I am dead now."

Suddenly Gia broke away from her father. She had to get away from him, to be far away from him. He'd been far away, in Italy, when Mamma had died. It's too late now, she thought bitterly, for Papa and me to be together.

Gia hailed a taxi and, entering, fell back against the cushions helplessly.

"Take me home, driver. I mean, Chresham Street." The taxi started to move down the street. She leaned further back against the cushions. She was so tired. She leaned forward suddenly and called to the driver, "Take me to Waterloo Bridge first. I want to look at the water."

"Yes, Miss," the driver said, and headed for Waterloo Bridge. Gia glanced at the little identification card pasted to the window dividing the car in half. "Mr. Moss? Mr. Moss, are you married?"

Morris Moss adjusted his rear vision mirror so that he could see his passenger. "Yes, Miss, for thirty years."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, Miss. Begging your pardon, Miss, but don't you think it's a little late for you to be driving around London? Wouldn't it be better if I took you home?"

"No," she said. "I must go to the Bridge first."

"Wouldn't it be better to get some sleep, Miss?"

"No, Mr. Moss."

The taxi approached the bridge. "Stop here, please," Gia said. The taxi stopped about one-fifth of the way across. Moss got out and opened the door for her. "That will be six shillings, Miss," he said.

"Six shillings," she said, "Six shillings. I have no money. I left it home."

"That's a good place for you to be, Miss. Home. Let's go there and you'll pay me then."

"No," Gia said. "Here's my ring. It's worth much more than six shillings."

"I couldn't take your wedding ring, Miss."

"But it's not my wedding ring. The studio gave it to me when I played the widow in 'The Garment Jungle.' But it's good. Honest it is." She dropped it in his hand, ran to the stone parapet and started to climb up.

The cabbie ran after her and grabbed her hand just as she was slipping over. He held her as he called for help. Two other cab drivers drove up and helped him in dragging her to safety.

On his cab radio Morris Moss called the police. They arrived in a few minutes. While two policemen stood on either side of Gia, Moss told the story. When he was done, Gia told her side of the story. Yes, she had asked to be taken to Waterloo Bridge but she hadn't tried to commit suicide. She'd just wanted to get a better view of the Thames. She admitted it probably sounded like a silly thing to do, but she'd given a housewarming party and her head ached. Now the fresh air and the excitement had made her feel better and she wanted to go home. She would pay Mr. Moss.

She climbed into the taxi and the police drove away. Moss started the engine. Suddenly, his passenger darted out and ran for the bridge wall again. But she tripped and fell.

The police cars doubled back. They helped Morris hold her. She fought with them, tearing her dress. She bit one of the officers on the hand. *"Let me do it! Let me do it!"* she screamed.

"What's your name, Miss?" they asked her.

She was silent.

They took her to the Bow Street station, where she refused to give her name or any information about herself. The policemen offered her tea, cigarettes and hot food. She refused everything, huddling in the corner of a bench like a tired puppy. After two hours she fell asleep.

She woke up with a start to see her father. His coat covered her. She put her arms around him and sobbed. He held her tight, and rocked back and forth as if she were a little girl once more. "Gia, Gia *mia,*" he said, and she saw that he was crying. "Giosi," he said, "Giosi."

Tears flooded into her eyes. "Papa, Papa," she cried. "You haven't called me that—'Giosi'—since I was a little girl."

"Giosi," he said, "I don't know how to say it . . . but about tonight. I'm sorry. That kind of dancing, that music, all the noise . . . I just don't understand.

"Mama wouldn't have said 'Stop' to you tonight," Gia's father went on. "I remember when we were all in Italy and you were a little girl. There'd be a party. Five or six girls. Maybe one little boy, somebody's cousin. I was strict. My father was strict. I knew nothing else. 'No party for Gia,' I said. 'No party where there's a little boy.' Foolish, sure. Now I know—foolish. But then, my word was law. Bad law but *my* law. But your mamma—she knew how to make me break my own law. You know how she'd do it? She'd tell me that she loved me. And me—big man, big law-maker—I'd melt like spumoni in the sun. And you'd go to the party."

Gia looked at her father. "You miss Mamma, too. You miss her very much. I never knew. All the time Mamma and I were in Hollywood and you were back in Italy I thought . . . I don't know what I thought."

"You're like your mother, Gia. And I—I love you. I need you. . . . I want to help you. I'm no good with words."

After a while Gia said, "Take me home, Papa."

Mr. Scoglio talked to the policemen for a while and then Gia was released in his custody. As they were about to leave, Gia asked her father for some money. "Here," she said to the man at the desk, "please see that Mr. Moss gets this. And thank him for me. And I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused you. Please forgive me. I've been very blind."

And then she turned to her father and, looking directly at him, said, "But now, at last, I can see."

He put his coat over her shoulders and they walked into the night. The gray mist didn't frighten Gia anymore. She shuddered because of the cold air and leaned closer to her father. Together, perhaps, they could face the future. THE END

GIA STARS IN "THE CLOCK WITHOUT A FACE" FOR COLUMBIA AND "THE ANGRY HILLS" FOR M-G-M.

DEAN STOCKWELL

Continued from page 62

like a hammy philosopher. Or worse yet, like the sound-track of one of his movies. Twenty-three movies, he thought. *And all of them before he was fifteen.* Dean laughed to himself. And then he concentrated on the road ahead.

Automatically, he slowed down at an intersection, even though the light was with him. A sudden blurring squeal on his right made him clench the wheel and slam down on the brake. But it was too late. Something blotted out the sun on his right. Something that didn't stop but kept on coming. Then the horrible jarring crash . . .

Dean opened the side door of his car and got out. He wasn't hurt. He saw that his car was only slightly damaged. And the other driver seemed okay. A minor accident, yes; but a major event in the life of Dean Stockwell. He had been in a collision, he had been uninjured, he had walked away. And in walking away, he hadn't just walked away from an accident; he had also walked away from a jinx—a jinx that had been haunting him for three years, ever since the tragic death of Jimmy Dean. . . .

A jinx. . . . it didn't matter that Dean Stockwell had never met Jimmy Dean, had only seen him in pictures. After Jimmy's death, people began to accuse him of aping Jimmy, of copying his acting style and personal habits. It was silly. Sure, there were some likenesses; but there were more differences than similarities. But this didn't stop magazine writers from trying to get Stockwell into the Jimmy Dean mold. And it hurt. Stockwell had the highest respect for Jimmy Dean, the actor—the only Jimmy he had ever known—but he wanted to be accepted for his own abilities as an independent, unique human being.

But the magazines wouldn't let him. They harped on the similarities between the two, manufactured others where they didn't exist.

There was the business of their physical appearance. Articles were published stating that they looked very much alike. But anyone who took the trouble to *really* compare their photos could see that this just wasn't true. A faint resemblance, yes; but 'twins' (as one magazine put it), no.

And their height: A magazine claimed they were both five-foot, ten-inches tall. Stockwell was five ten, but Jimmy—although the studio biographies claimed he was that height, too—was *actually* only five seven. And Jimmy weighed a good deal less that Dean.

True, they both wore horn-rimmed spectacles, and for the same reason. Neither could see very well without them. In fact, Jimmy was blind as a bat without glasses, although he didn't wear them onstage. And once, because of this, in the middle of a play he almost tumbled into the audience. Stockwell, on the other hand, doesn't wear glasses at all any more, except when he's driving or reading. He *needs* them all the time. But he doesn't wear them in public 'cause he doesn't want people to say he's copying Jimmy.

A jinx. . . . Copying Jimmy . . . Once a critic, in reviewing Stockwell's performance in the picture "Gun for a Coward," accused him of "incredible mimicry of Jimmy Dean." Kind of a funny accusation, a friend of his pointed out, when you realize that Stockwell had been an actor long before Jimmy dreamed of being one.

A jinx. . . . One writer pounced upon the fact that both boys had been unhappy at college, that both had left before graduation. The writer was right, but he neglected to point out that they had left college for exactly the *opposite* reasons. Jimmy left after two years because he *wanted* to be an actor, not a lawyer. Dean left too, after one year, because he *had been* an actor. It was because his fellow students remembered him as a famous child actor, and treated him like a celebrity instead of just another fellow, that he gave up college. Quite a difference.

A jinx. . . . Some people claimed that Jimmy Dean and Dean Stockwell were both rebellious, sloppy and offbeat. But these people never bothered to say *exactly* what they meant by these words.

"Rebellious," for instance. When they used this word in describing the two boys, what they should have been saying was "honest." If you ask Dean Stockwell a straight question, he'll give you a straight answer. If he has a strong feeling, he'll express it—directly. He's bluntly honest.

And Jimmy was the same way. When Pier Angeli married Vic Damone, Jimmy was still head-over-heels in love with Pier. So he stood outside the church while the wedding was taking place. Exposed and painful as an aching tooth. No attempt to hide. Hurt. Suffering for all to see. What mattered wasn't what *others* thought. He *had* to be there. He had to be true to his own feelings, to *himself.*

Sloppy? That's a funny word to apply to Dean Stockwell. And the word was first used about him when someone didn't bother to find out *why* he was doing what he was doing. And what was he doing? Wearing light, seersucker pants in New York in the middle of winter. And why? He had come to New York to rehearse for a play. In California he wore the usual summer suits. But in New York he was so busy rehearsing during the day and studying his lines at night that he hadn't found time to buy warm winter clothes. So somebody wrote that he was sloppy and compared him to Jimmy Dean. To Jimmy—who also threw himself so fully into what he was doing that sometimes he just couldn't be bothered to worry about such things as suits and ties.

Offbeat? Well, maybe. In their taste for music, at least. Unusual stuff. Stockwell digs Charlie Parker and Miles Davis the most. But also he's seriously studying the piano and is crazy about Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart. A columnist said that the night his picture "The Careless Years" premiered he went to a concert.

Jimmy also seriously studied the piano, with the composer, Leonard Rosenman, in the winter of 1953. Like Stockwell, he was crazy about Bartok. But his first love, as everyone knows, were the bongo drums.

Jinx. . . . The one thing that Jimmy and Dean Stockwell had most in common, according to the magazine writers, was speed. True, Stockwell was once crazy about fast cars and drove a flame-red racer with the throttle wide open. Off he'd go, alone, not caring where he was heading, passing everyone on the road. Fast. But today, all that is over. He's outgrown his need for high speed.

If Jimmy had lived, he would have outgrown it too. . . .

Yes, one day three years ago on the road to Salinas, Jimmy Dean ran out of luck, smashed up his Porsche and died. And after his death, another Dean—Dean Stockwell—seemed jinxed, jinxed to always walk in the shadow of Jimmy Dean. But a few months ago, when Stockwell was in a minor accident, he was lucky. He walked away from a collision—and from a jinx. A jinx that will never haunt him again.

THE END



JOHNNY AND SANDRA

Continued from page 60

The studio gates just ahead brought Sandra back to the present. "Okay, Sandy," she said to herself, "you were petrified two years ago. But why be scared about this afternoon? It's just another interview." . . .

John Saxon parked his black Morgan sportscar in front of the studio commissary. It was eleven-fifty; he was ten minutes early. He stretched out on the lawn and soaked up some sun. He closed his eyes and thought about what he'd say at the interview. He had to be able to put into words his feeling for Sandy. It certainly wouldn't be easy. He went over in his mind their first few meetings. Those days he would never forget!

On a Friday morning in 1956, John had been told that the following Monday he was to report to the studio to meet Sandra Dee and to pick up a script for the screen test he was to do with her. The director had chosen a love scene from "The Restless Years." John was already set for the picture. Now they were testing the umpteenth girl for his leading lady. John had heard of Sandy's reputation as the country's top teenage model whose face was on more magazine covers than the President. But she was young. Only fifteen. A mere child. Probably stuck up, too. Probably plenty cool and aloof and used to being fussed over.

Monday came and Sandra Dee and John Saxon were formally introduced. She sure is pretty with that yellow cornsilk hair, that slender build, that beautiful face. She's quite a doll, Johnny remembered thinking and he remembered how his thoughts had gone no further. After all, he was twenty-one and she was *only* fifteen; just a kid; the same age as his sister, Delores.

The director gave them each a script and told them the test would be shot in four days. They hadn't said much to each other; only "hello" and "so nice to meet you." But as they were turning to leave, Johnny remembered Sandy coming up to him, slowly, shyly and holding out her hand. He could remember her saying:

"Here . . . Miss Cashman said to . . . she thought that . . . well, this envelope, it's for you. . . ." Then she'd turned and walked away leaving him alone with the letter. He remembered thinking that it was odd Betty Cashman had sent a note instead of just plain regards as she'd done before. Could it be his old friends in New York were reading and believing all those stories about him? Could it be that Sandy thought he was some kind of unfriendly ogre?

The day of the test Sandy stood at the back of the soundstage holding her mother's hand. Her feet felt like two cement blocks, there was a lump in her throat the size of a grapefruit. The dialogue she'd memorized danced around in her head all mixed up with the words from the magazine article she'd read that morning about Johnny. So far he hadn't been anything but nice. Maybe she hadn't been around him long enough to see the *monster* in him come out. Maybe when they started the scene he'd be difficult to work with. The director called them to take their places. Johnny looked so handsome, Sandy remembered. He looked so calm, so self-confident while she shook like a plate of jello.

"Roll 'em . . ." the director called. The cameras started turning. They said a few words to each other and then, following the script, he'd walked over to her and took her in his arms. As he pulled her close to him, John remembered, he could feel her trembling. He'd gulped. Suave movie actors were supposed to be used to females going weak at the knees in their presence; he'd had his share of swooning females but this—it was ridiculous! Big sophisticated model! Hah! She was petrified. He wasn't causing the tremors, she was scared, just plain scared! He'd remained calm, though. He drew her closer to him and put his finger under her chin and tilted her cameo face up toward his. He kissed her and . . . WHAM! He could still feel the cold beads of perspiration that had dotted his forehead. Now *he* had goosebumps. John Saxon, ladies' man, was a nervous wreck! With Sandy in his arms, with that first kiss he'd gotten a rude awakening: *Sandy had obviously never been kissed before.* It shook him up. He blew his lines and the scene had to be reshot. The cameras rolled again. John remembered that this time when he took Sandra in his arms he drew her towards him gently; she'd seemed like a spun-sugar cake that would crumble at the slightest touch.

The scene was over. Sandra remembered looking up at Johnny. She remembered she didn't say a word—she couldn't. But her eyes said it, her lips said it: "Thanks, Johnny. Thanks for being so understanding. Thanks for being so kind, so friendly; thanks for caring."

Since that day back in 1956 there had been a bond between them. It wasn't a bond of love, not a romantic relationship, despite columnist attempts to link them. Sandy drove through the gates of the studio, headed her car for the commissary and parked in front. As she got out of the car she saw him lying there on the grass, eyes closed. She nudged gently.

"Mr. Saxon, I presume? Luncheon is being served."

John got up from the lawn, shaking the blades of grass from his sweater. He put his arm around her and they walked toward the dining room. He thought to himself that it wouldn't be hard to tell the truth about the *real* Sandy. The cute doll, sophisticated on the surface, who was an unsure, unpretentious, unworldly teenager underneath. It had been a long time since her kisses had made a nervous wreck of him. A long time since he'd first discovered how unsophisticated she was; almost two years since that first kiss. She was like a sister; she was something precious; someone to protect.

They found an empty table in the commissary, gave the waitress their order and settled back to chat.

"It would be easier if we just told the writer that we're Hollywood's two biggest anti-socialites," Johnny said in mock seriousness.

"Well, it *would* be easier; but honestly Johnny, I'm tired of reading stories about how you go around reading books on Buddhism all day and how you never talk to anybody!"

"Is that what they're saying about me these days?"

"You know darn well it is. I don't think it's wrong for the stories to say that you have your intellectual side, but they should talk about the other side, too!"

"You mean you've noticed I have more than one side."

"No, Johnny, I'm serious. I want everyone to know you like I do. Hey, I just thought of something. Maybe you *like* being called aloof. Then if you do meet someone you don't like you just avoid them and they think you act that way toward everybody so they aren't insulted."

"Well, well," Johnny grinned, "you're a psychiatrist. Miss Witch Doctor. Have you got a license to practice?"

"Very funny. I don't care what you say, I'm going to tell the truth about you, the whole truth and nothing but . . ."

"Okay, Sandy, you win. We'll tell the reporter all! But I want to hear what you're going to say in advance; so start talking!"

Sandy took a bite of her minute steak, sipped some tomato juice and then began.

"Well, for one thing, I think we should tell her about the screen test and how wonderful you were to me. And how when we started working on the picture you were a regular gadabout, particularly at lunchtime. Remember? One day we'd eat together, the next day you'd be off shooting the breeze with the crew and eating from a lunch bag, and the day after that you'd be with some people in publicity. That certainly proves you mix with your co-workers. And I can tell her how after lunch you and Jody McCrea and some of the other guys played touch football or practiced Judo on the backlot; that sounds more like you than spending lunchtime alone with your nose in a book, doesn't it?"

"True."

"I can also tell her how you have a real keen sense of humor, and how you get a kick out of making people laugh and sometimes even scaring them out of their wits—only in fun, though."

"Who did I ever scare?"

"You mean you've forgotten the day that nice woman in publicity admired your car and you volunteered to give her a ride on the lot? I'll never forget it. The way you raced your motor until it sounded like a jet plane and then took off. When you got back a few minutes later, the little lady stumbled out of your car. Her permanent was standing on end

AN OPEN LETTER

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THE EDITORS

and her eyes were as big and round as saucers. And you just stood there calmly and said, 'Let's do it again sometime.' And she looked at you and said, 'Never!'

"And I'm going to tell her about John Saxon, practical joker, too," Sandy said.

"Give me one example of a practical joke I've pulled. Go ahead, I dare you. Name one."

"Okay," Sandy said, "you asked for it. Remember the night the studio invited us to see a preview of 'Escapade in Japan'? Well, afterwards when we all went to the Japanese restaurant for dinner and everyone took off their shoes and sat on the floor, don't you remember swiping the shoes of that man across from us? We were hysterical all through the *sukiyaki,* making private jokes about everyone at the table. Then that man got up to leave and couldn't find his shoes. You sat there so innocently, asking him what he'd lost."

"Yes, I do vaguely remember, now that you mention it. He wasn't too happy when he found his shoes on MY feet, was he? Speaking of shoes, I'll just have to tell the reporter about you and your funny ideas about *my* shoes when we were in Paris."

"Paris? Shoes? Why whatever do you mean?" asked Sandy with a straight face.

"You mean you've conveniently forgotten how you bribed the hall porter to shine one of my shoes with black polish and the other with brown. You told him I was an eccentric young American who always wore shoes of two different colors."

"I confess. Now let's drop the shoes, shall we? I just thought of another Saxon myth to explode. I know I read somewhere that all you eat is wheat germ and molasses."

"That's not exactly a myth. I *am* a health food addict, you know that. What makes you think I'm not a wheat germ man?"

"What? I'll tell you what. Think back to that day in Paris when we hired a car and went sightseeing. You remember asking the driver to stop the car in Montmartre so you could go shopping?"

"I can't seem to think of that day," Johnny said, knowing perfectly well what Sandy had in mind.

"You mean you forgot about going into that little grocery shop and coming back to the car with a sausage three feet long just reeking with garlic; and that hunk of cheese and that huge loaf of French bread. Surely you couldn't forget your picnic lunch in the back of a taxi cab with everyone honking at us to move on."

"All right, now it's my turn to explode a few wrong notions about quiet, but extremely sophisticated Sandra Dee. Let me see," John said, scratching his brow as if in deep thought. "Oh, yes, we could start with the incident in France at the Lido when your Mom and I and a few of the other members of the cast went to dinner at that very chic night club. Remember? You insisted on sitting at the ringside table so you could have a good view of the floor show."

"Oh, Johnny, you wouldn't tell her *that,*" Sandy said, turning beet red.

"Why not? I think your fans would like to know that when those chorus girls came out in their, ahem, brief costumes that you started blushing and wound up looking the other way during the whole show!"

"Oh, please, Johnny, I did no such thing."

"Confess. You aren't the least bit sophisticated; in fact, you're just a child when it comes to worldly things."

"*I'm* a child! Well, what about the day those French kids in the park almost called a gendarme because they thought you planned to steal their marbles!"

"I was just trying to teach them the fine points of the game. I used to be aggie champion of my block when I was a kid."

"Wait, I'm not finished. I just happened to think of that other 'sweet' trick you performed in Paris; you know, playing your bongo drums in your hotel room every night so that nobody could get any sleep."

"Why I'm surprised at you accusing me of such a thing. After all, you know I play a drummer in the picture and Mr. Minnelli told me to practice. It isn't my fault if the walls at the hotel were thin!"

"Speaking of Mr. Minnelli, I'll never forgive you for getting me into trouble that morning we were shooting the dancing sequence."

"I got you into trouble?" John looked innocent again.

"You're darn right you did. Poor Mr. Minnelli got everyone in place and the cameras all lined up and I kept laughing and he kept getting madder and madder and saying, 'Sandra come now, what's so funny!' I could have killed you. Of course he couldn't see you because your back was to him. He had no way of knowing that you kept whispering crazy things into my ear every time he called 'Action.' So I took all the blame."

The waitress came over to their table and told them the reporter they were expecting had arrived. Johnny and Sandy got up and walked hand in hand out to the front of the dining room. It was time, the rehearsal was over; time to tell the reporter all the facts about the *real* John Saxon and the *real* Sandra Dee. They looked at each other and Johnny gave Sandra a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Then they walked out the door and made their way over to the publicity department.

No, it wouldn't be hard to talk about each other. It would be very easy for Sandy to tell about how wonderful Johnny was, how gentle and kind and considerate. Sure, he was smart and liked good books and classical music but he liked to have a good time, too. Sure, he had his quiet moments and maybe he didn't exactly come on like Jerry Lewis but he *was* fun to be with and understanding and he knew when it was time for being serious and time for making jokes. Yes, Sandy thought, it wouldn't be as difficult as she thought. Knowing John Saxon was a real experience in friendship, and although it was hard for her sometimes to express her innermost thoughts she knew that today she'd be able to talk loud and clear about Johnny Saxon.

John Saxon, with his arm around the petite blonde girl with the slender build and the beautiful face, was thinking similar thoughts. That it would be easy to talk about Sandy. To tell everyone how truly amazing she is; a beauty at sixteen, a real trouper, a hard-working actress. Yes, and a zany character when it comes to playing along with his jokes. A sometimes shy, sometimes quiet girl. Amazingly down-to-earth in spite of the fuss she's had made about her since the age when most girls are in pigtails and bluejeans. Yes, Sandy is a remarkable girl, he thought. True she's just a kid; just like a sister—but every guy needs a friend, a buddy, a girl he can talk to and not worry about romancing and impressing. A sweet someone who you can be yourself with. "Thank heavens for little girls," he thought. And he knew one that soon would be a grown-up lady and then, boy, watch that stag-line form. But he'd be around to see that no one got out of line because . . . well, Sandy's something special, someone to help and protect.

THE END



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"MIKE, THESE TENDER THINGS . . ."

Continued from page 50

pack away in the huge cartons of clothes and shoes and books that she sent to charity in Mike's name. Those few things she brought home with her. She keeps them now in her room; she shares them with only those she loves the most.

These foolish, tender, beloved relics. These memories of Mike . . .

LIZA'S FIRST DRESS

Liza hadn't been even twenty-four hours old when Mike bought it. "Look," he had boomed, in that big voice that could never stay quiet enough for a hospital room. He had flopped into the chair by Liz's bed and his fingers had fumbled with the silver ribbon and the gold wrapping paper of one of New York's most exclusive stores.

He held it up. Dangling from his big hand it had seemed incredibly small, incredibly lovely. Pink organdy, softened for a baby's delicate skin, edged in lace, smocked at the yoke and the sleeves. "You like it?" he had asked anxiously.

Liz, still weak and exhausted from her third Caesarean—and this one the hardest, most dangerous of them all, performed when she was only six months pregnant—had smiled. "Of course I do. It's beautiful, Mike."

Mike's face relaxed. "That's good. Because I bought six more in different colors."

Despite herself, Liz laughed. "Oh, Mike, that's ridiculous. A baby—a newborn baby changes so fast. I mean, she grows every day. A month from now she won't be able to wear that one, let alone six more. You send them back, hear?"

"Then I'll buy her new ones. Don't tell me about women and clothes. I know they like to change off. I've got a wife who buys fifteen hats at a time. Maybe you heard?"

Liz hitched herself up in bed a little. "Well, for your information, a new baby doesn't even like dresses at all. She likes a diaper. Or nothing. That's what *she* likes. Now, a full-grown woman . . ."

She got no further. Mike had reached over suddenly, buried his face in her neck. "You're not a full-grown woman. You're my girl. My girl, Liz. Aw, Liz, if anything had gone wrong. I'd have killed myself. I swear I would. I was so scared, baby. I was so scared . . ."

Over his head, Liz had closed her eyes against the sudden tears. One hand rested gently on her husband's head. "Nothing happened, sweetie," she had soothed. "I'm fine, we're fine. In a few weeks we'll take the baby out of the incubator, we'll take her home with us. We'll dress her in her pretty pink dress and we'll . . ."

Instantly Mike's head had raised. His eyes laughed. "So we'll keep the dress, huh? And tomorrow I'll get some the next size, since she's planning to grow so fast. All right?"

It was all right.

When Liza outgrew the pink organdy, Liz had wanted to send it, along with some of her other things, to the baby hospital in Hollywood. But Mike had stopped her. "I want to frame it," he said.

"Frame it? You're out of your . . ."

"To remember Liza by," he had insisted. "We'll hang it on the nursery wall in a nice gold frame."

"But we don't need to remember Liza," Liz had protested. "We *have* Liza!"

But in the end she let him have his way. And now the dress hung not in the nursery but in Liz's room, the first of her keepsakes. A memory of the day she had given Mike a daughter, a memory of the side of Mike Todd nobody knew but her—sentimental, loving, generous.

A memory of a rough voice, whispering into her hair, "My girl, Liz. If anything had happened to you . . ."

A reminder always that whatever happened, however her heart broke, she had to keep herself safe. For Mike. For his daughter. For his memory.

MIKE'S WEDDING RING

She never knew who brought the ring back to her. It happened some time in those first terrible days after the tragedy—the days when she was doped and drugged against anguish. At some point in that black mist of pain, someone had brought in the plain gold band and said to her: "They found Mike's ring, Liz. We thought you would want it."

Half unconscious, she had opened her hand for it. Without knowing what she did, she slipped it onto her third finger, left hand. Then she drifted off into nightmares again.

But when she awakened finally, there it was, still on her finger, a dozen sizes too large, covering her own narrow wedding ring. She had stared at it uncomprehendingly for minutes until finally a friend said hesitantly, "We wanted to take it away from you, while—while you were out. We thought—it might fall off and get lost. But every time anyone tried, you closed your fist . . ."

She nodded. She didn't remember, but she approved. That ring, once so shiny, now covered with a thousand tiny dull scratches—mementos of death on the hard, barren rocks—was hers, now, and hers it would always be. Just as the memory of the night Mike had first put it on was hers forever . . .

She hadn't been well that night, February 2, much as she wanted to be. It was so ridiculous—her own wedding, hundreds of friends, a beautiful home in Acapulco for the party—and she with her back acting up again, scarcely able to move. Mike talked of postponing it till she felt better, but she wouldn't hear of that. "Remember the time you asked my girlfriend what was the best present to follow the Rolls-Royce and the mink coat and the diamond tiara? She said, 'A plain gold band.' And she was right. I'm not waiting a single day more . . ." So they carried her in a chair from the house to the garden where the ceremony took place and there she took from Mike her wedding ring and slid his gently onto the third finger of his left hand . . .

Then, an hour later, while everyone was eating and drinking champagne and the sound of laughter echoed through the clear night air—the first flash had come. Suddenly the sky was in flames—brilliant reds and golds shot across the heavens, licking at the stars.

"Oh!" Liz had screamed. "Mike!" Involuntarily her hands shot up to cover her face. "What—what—?"

Mike had turned to her, delighted. "Cantinflas arranged it. It's a surprise for you—his wedding present. Fireworks!"

In a minute, Liz, too, had raised her eyes, had smiled and said "Oooooh," had tried to relax. But for that one moment, that first second in the flash of light, she had been stabbed with terror, unreasoning, absurd terror—of flames, of the sky, of death.

Now, of course, no one believed her. "Everyone remembers premonitions after something terrible happens," they told her. "You don't remember all the ones you had that *didn't* come true . . ."

That was so, of course. But what need had she, Liz Taylor, widow, of the false ones? Turning Mike's ring on her finger, thinking aloud that she would get a guard for it as soon as she could, to keep her from losing it, she knew that the one true one was quite enough for any one woman in a lifetime. The ring would mean a great deal to her all her life. It would mean tenderness and love and a marriage that had been indeed a joining of two people to make one. But behind that, there would be the other memory as well. Flames—the night sky—her voice, crying, "Mike—"

THE DEATH NOTICES

Those she knew she should throw away. The doctors were right. She had no business keeping anything that destroyed her precarious hold on herself the way the clippings did, and the telegrams. Time after time, she told people later, she wrapped them in a bundle and deposited them in a wastepaper basket in Palm Springs. But she always laid them neatly on the top, because she knew she would take them out again, for one last look . . .

The last words about Mike.

There had been no eulogy at his grave. His burial had taken place during the Jewish month of Nisan, an officially joyous period preceding the Passover feasts. Funeral orations were not allowed, and Mike, who had never given up his Jewish heritage, would have wanted it that way. But over the grave his son was asked to say a few simple words before rising with Liz to read the prayer for the dead. And with his head bent, his eyes on the great dark coffin, Mike, Jr. had said simply: "He was not only a wonderful father. He was the greatest human being I have ever known." Even through Liz's fog, those words had penetrated.

She kept the newspaper story that recorded them.

And the others, the other words:

Sam Goldwyn: "The motion picture industry and the entire entertainment world will miss him. For me, I mourn him as a friend. . . ."

George Seaton: "Like a true friend, he was often critical, always outspoken. He had disdain and contempt for the defeatists and the apathetic. . . ."

Jack Warner: "The world has lost one of the greatest showmen of our time."

Buddy Adler: "He brought excitement back to the business. Not just as a producer. As a man. . . ."

Loving words, admiring words. Words spoken by some of the same people, perhaps, who had panned Mike so for that Madison Square Garden party that was such a flop. Were they, then, hypocritical words?

No, they were not. They were no more hypocritical than Mike himself had been—and he was a mass of contradictions—tender and rough, generous and money-hungry, loud and refined by turns.

She kept them because Mike had been worth so many different opinions, from so many different people.

Just as she kept the telegram from a woman who hadn't known him at all. "The President and I," it read, "extend our deepest sympathy." Signed, "Mamie Eisenhower."

She couldn't throw that away, either.

If they delayed the healing of her heart—well, that was a necessary risk. In a way, they weren't even hers to destroy. They were Mike's eulogy, written as Mike would have wanted it—in newspaper ink, and in the hearts of his friends.

They lie now, in a cloth-covered scrapbook, on the table in Liz Taylor's room.

THE CHINESE STATUE

The jade Buddha couldn't have been

thrown away in any event. It cost a fortune—the way everything Mike and Liz bought on their trip around the world had cost a fortune. But this one they had bought not because of its beauty or value—but because it symbolized Hong Kong to them.

"We're taking it home," Mike had told people in Hong Kong, "to remind us that we're coming back."

They were both in love with the International City.

"It's like," Liz told her husband, "it's like meeting *you* turned into streets and houses and millions of people."

He knew what she meant. Hong Kong *was* like Mike—a city of fantastic wealth—and incredible poverty. Modern steel buildings collided with tiny Chinese wooden temples. Two-ton trucks and rickshaws passed each other in traffic. In the house where they stayed with old friends of Mike's, they sat and ate and slept on the floor—but on cushions of the softest, finest material brought in by quiet, smiling servants.

They had grinned at each other happily.

The next day they weren't smiling any more. In the middle of the night Liz was awakened with violent cramps in her abdomen. A doctor, hastily summoned, had diagnosed appendicitis.

"We can take her to the hospital," he offered.

Liz shook her head. Suddenly she was a child again. Suddenly Hong Kong wasn't a dream city any longer, but foreign, alien soil. "No. I want to go home." She began to cry, to twist on the pallet.

Sweating, Mike took her hands. "Sure, Baby. Sure, I'll take you home. . . ."

He did, too. He cut short their trip and flew her home to be operated on in California. A week later she was smiling again, and telling everyone how they were going to live in Hong Kong. "It's perfect. We'll build a marvelous house with sliding doors and oil-paper windows. . . ."

"But it's dangerous, living so close to Red China. Even if Hong Kong *is* international now, you never can tell."

"I don't have to worry," Liz told them. "If anything were to go wrong, Mike would bring me home. . . ."

Now the Buddha sits on Liz's writing desk, smiling vacantly into air, too dear a symbol to be given up—too precious a memory of the time when all things would always be all right, because Mike was there.

THE MONEY CLIP

It wasn't an expensive one, by the Todds' standards—just a simple gold money clip, with a few words engraved on the back. Liz had given it to Mike with a kiss and a joke. "I didn't want to get you one that cost too much. I was afraid someday it would turn out to be worth more than the money you had left. . . ."

Mike had turned, shaking his fists in mock despair. "Listen to that broad of mine, willya? Some faith in me she's got. . . ." He turned the clip over, read aloud the words printed in minute gold letters—his own, often quoted words:

"Being poor is a state of mind. I've been broke lots of times, but I've never been poor."

Going through the house in Palm Springs, Liz had come across it, had stared at it for minutes, trying to decide what to do with it. Then she remembered: Eddie had admired it in the past. Eddie Fisher, whom Mike had called "My boy," who had stood with her at the funeral, swallowing his own tremendous grief in his effort to help her through hers.

Eddie should have the clip.

When she got back to Hollywood, she gave it to him, for his twenty-ninth birthday. She had to turn her head away at the sight of his face; Eddie was a man, men didn't like to be seen fighting tears.

Mike and Eddie had been such good friends and when she and Mike had been married, Eddie had been best man. That's the man the groom relies on, she thought, and it had been funny but true. Big, capable Mike, on whom every one else depended so much, had depended himself on this boyish-looking, younger man. Eddie had adored Mike and had never let him down when he needed friendship, understanding—or simply another hand at a game of cards. She, too, had come to depend on Eddie. When Mike had died, Eddie had helped her to get through the worst days. She had needed him and she had turned to him confidently.

But suddenly the companionship that had been all right for both her and Mike had been turned into something wrong and shameful for her alone. She'd read the headlines that followed her meetings with Eddie in New York, she'd read the quotes, and she couldn't help feeling guilty. She'd felt so ashamed, and once again she'd known how really alone she was.

THE MANUSCRIPT

Always, on the little table beside Elizabeth Taylor's bed, lies a book. It is in manuscript form; it is titled "The First Nine Lives of Mike Todd." It is not autographed by the author, because the author did not live long enough to finish it. In its final, printed form it contains notes, edited by the author's wife, of the last interview with Mike Todd, the interview at which Liz had complained that her throat felt sore and scratchy, at which Mike had glared at her and said, "You better get over it fast or I won't take you with me to the Friars' dinner. How would you like that, huh?"

And Liz, patting her hair with long slim fingers, had teased, "Oh you couldn't go without me. Remember—you're just one half of—"

Mike had finished it for her. "—a pair of scissors. Nonetheless, if the doctor says no, you ain't gonna go. . . ."

The doctor had said no, and Mike had gone to his death alone. . . .

But that wasn't true. There was a lie in that sentence, a lie that Liz Taylor is determined to forget.

Mike Todd was *not* alone on that plane.

Two pilots perished with him.

So did Art Cohen, the book's author.

Both pilots left wives behind. One left one child, the other three.

Art Cohen left a wife and two sons.

So the book lies beside her bed. Not to tell her about Mike Todd—there is nothing between its covers that she does not know herself. But to remind her on the worst days, on the days when her control slips and her sick, weary heart cries out as it did in the first days of grief: "I wish I had gone with him. I wish I were dead, too. . . ."—to remind her then that other women, too, are grieving for shattered lives and lost loves—and that they are rebuilding their worlds for the future. That what they are doing, she must do, too.

It is the hardest memory of all.

It is almost—but not quite—the most precious.

For there is one keepsake, one thing that belongs to Mike that outweighs all the rest. It is a year old, and it changes every day. It has its mother's huge, wondering eyes, and soft dark hair. It has a high, small voice, and a very small vocabulary.

It has its father's smile.

Its name is Liza Todd.

The most precious keepsake of them all. . . .

—IRENE REICH

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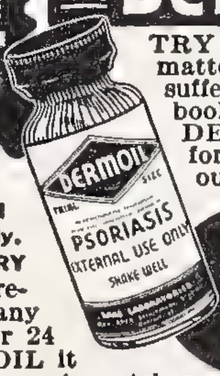


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I BABY-SAT FOR THE BOONES

Continued from page 48

going to miss us," she said. "And we'll miss her, too, won't we?"

Lindy persisted. "Why does she have to go, Mommy? Can't Judy stay with us always and always?"

"No, dear," Shirley answered. She patted Lindy's ponytail and helped her slip off the edge of the bed. "Daddy and I want her to stay just as much as you and Debby and Cherry do."

". . . and Laury, too . . ." Lindy said.

"Yes, baby Laury, too. But Judy's going to go to college. Like Daddy used to, remember? And she wants to see her Mommy and Daddy before she starts."

Lindy stood up on the thick, pink-carpeted floor. "I love *my* Mommy," she said.

"And Judy loves hers," said Shirley. "Now, why don't you go and give Judy a kiss and Mommy'll finish dressing so she'll be ready when Daddy comes home to take Judy to the airport."

Lindy ran down the long second-floor marble hallway to Judy's room at the end. Her sisters, Cherry and Debby, were already there, sitting on Judy's bed and watching with sad, wide eyes as Judy packed.

"Hi, Lindy," Judy said. "Come on in."

"Hi, Judy," Lindy answered, watching her fold a blouse into the open, plaid suitcase.

Judy stopped, suddenly remembering the first time she'd worn the blouse, one of her favorites. It was an Iowa spring night, just before her high school graduation. Judy and her mother had been sitting on the front porch of the Plumb farmhouse, talking about summer jobs.

"What about baby-sitting?" her mother suggested.

"Oh, I guess I can baby-sit on weekends," Judy told her. "But that's not enough to help me through college too."

"I'll bet I know someone who needs a steady, all-around baby-sitter," Mrs. Plumb finally said.

"Who?" Judy asked eagerly.

"Now, don't laugh," her mother cautioned. "The Boones!"

"What?" Judy said incredulously. "You mean *Pat* Boone?"

"What's wrong with the idea?" Mrs. Plumb asked. "You're an old-hand at baby-sitting, aren't you? You helped me look after most of your sisters and brothers. The Boones just might be tickled pink to have someone with your kind of experience around."

"Oh, Mom," Judy said. "They'd think we're crazy. I'll bet the Boones never heard of Irwin, Iowa. Do you know what the population was by last count? A big 381!"

"Well," her mother said, "let's let them know Irwin, Iowa's on the map. I'll write them myself."

And, in answer to Judy's prayers, the Boones replied. "We have a baby-sitter," their letter said, "Eva Jones, who's been with us since Cherry's birth. But we will be needing someone to help her when we go to California this summer. Naturally," the letter went on, "we couldn't pick a baby-sitter out of thin air. Could we have references. . . ?"

A little over a week went by. Then one evening, in early June, the telephone rang in the Plumb living room and Mr. Plumb answered it. It was Pat Boone and he asked to speak to Mrs. Plumb.

"We weren't really thinking of anyone as young as Judy," he said, "but when your letter came, Shirley just had a hunch about it. Judy seems experienced enough to give Eva a strong helping hand and, both Shirley and I like the idea that Judy wants to work to raise money for college. Besides, she's interested in the church, and can help teach the girls their Sunday school lessons and tell them Bible stories. . . . We'd like to have Judy come and try the baby-sitting job with us for a week. We'll pay all her expenses, Mrs. Plumb. Do you think she'd be willing?"

A couple of days after that, Judy was saying goodbye to the green fields of her native Iowa, and she was flying east to baby-sit for Pat Boone and his family in New Jersey.

Then, when the plane landed at Newark airport, there at the bottom of the ramp, was a mob of reporters and photographers.

"I didn't recognize anybody famous on the plane," Judy thought. It never occurred to her that they were there to meet *her*. But when Judy got to the bottom of the landing ramp, they were all hurling questions at her.

"How does it feel to be a Cindrella baby-sitter?" asked a reporter.

"Smile, Judy," a photographer shouted. They popped flashbulbs and shot questions. Judy stood there calmly, quietly, but deep inside she was shaking. Then, suddenly, right in the middle of someone's question, she felt a tug at her skirt. "Hi, Judy," piped a little voice, "I'm Cherry." The four-year-old girl opened her arms for a hug. Then she took Judy's hand in her own tiny one and led her to a car where all the other Boones were waiting.

"Look," Debby had shouted, "She's got bangs just like mine!" . . .

Judy quickly brought herself back to the present. There was Debby all right, and she had the same Buster Brown haircut that Judy had herself.

"Judy, Judy," she was saying, "sing us a story."

"Yes, Judy," Cherry echoed. "Sing us a story."

Judy looked at the scrubbed, smiling faces. Her eyes were misty as she thought of how much she would miss them.

"Don't cry," Lindy said. "I saw you crying before, but, please, Judy, don't cry. Sing us a story."

"All right," Judy said, trying to make her voice sound gay and happy. "I know what. Let's all sing the story about granpa getting his long beard caught in the soup."

How many times they had sung this song together, Judy thought. Next to Elvis' rock 'n' roll records, this was the Boone girls' favorite. And Judy, too, loved singing and laughing with them about the old granpa who messed up his beard everytime he went to slurp a spoonful of soup.

It had taken just one week for Judy to know that she loved these Boones and for the Boones, from Papa Pat to baby Laury, to give their approval to Judy. "You know what we liked about you, Judy?" Pat said one night. It was just after he'd lullabied the girls to sleep. "You aren't afraid to work. After we met you at the airport and brought you home, you saw a stack of coffee cups in the sink. And before everybody got a chance to say a little more than a how-do-you-do, you hauled off and started washing the dirty dishes. Your initiative impressed us a lot."

Judy didn't admit it, but she'd been so nervous that first day she hadn't known what to do. As soon as she saw the cups and saucers, she ran to them with relief. She figured if she began to work she wouldn't have to talk, because frankly she didn't know what to say.

From then on, too many things had happened. She had been too involved to worry about what to say. It had just come naturally, in the course of helping look after four very lively little girls. Before she knew it, the Boones asked her to stay all summer and it was time to leave the house in Leonia and head for California. That was to be their home, while Pat worked on "Mardi Gras." She remembered how Pat counted up noses aboard the plane, and said, "Wow! Eight women!" counting Shirley, the four girls, Eva Jones, Judy, and Lynn Carlton, a teenaged neighbor of the Boones in Leonia who was coming along for a visit. Titch, the Boones' dog, half-boxer and half-Weimeraner, was there, too!

"We're all on a Tom Sawyer adventure," Shirley had laughed.

Gary Crosby, who was going to be in the picture with Pat, came along for Pat's support. "Wow," he said, "what a harem!"

He'd been up late the night before and planned to catch up on his sleep. He didn't! From New York to California, Lindy and Cherry took half-hour turns seeing that Gary didn't waste any of the trip by sleeping.

Somehow they crossed the country and there was Pat, standing in the aisle helping gather lost sweaters and pocketbooks.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR	ACTRESS
(1).....	(5).....
(2).....	(6).....
(3).....	(7).....
(4).....	(8).....

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1).....	(3).....
(2).....	(4).....

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

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Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

"Don't see anybody I know," Gary said as they left the plane. Then, he laughed. "Why, there's my old man!"

Judy looked up and there, right before her eyes, was that famous, familiar figure, casually puffing on a pipe and waiting behind the rail, just like anybody else who'd come to meet a plane.

When Cherry saw him, she screamed: "Look, Eva, look, there's your boy friend!"

After Pat stopped laughing, he told Judy that the year before Bing had autographed a picture for Eva, which she kept in her room. Cherry insists that this means that Bing is Eva's boy friend. "Kathy Crosby doesn't know about the romance," Pat laughed, "nor does Bing."

Pat and Shirley had been as thrilled as Judy to find Bing waiting at the airport. But even the sight of Hollywood's most famous of citizens didn't prepare either of them for what was to come!

"Golly," said Judy when the great semicircle of a building came into view, "it looks as big as a hotel."

Pat looked at the way the front was all paved and then looked at his four roaming little girls. "Where's our yard?" he wanted to know.

"Go inside and you'll see," said Norman Greer, who is Pat's press agent.

There, on the other side of the house, through marble porches and loggias, was the "yard." In size, it was more like a football field.

The group just stood there, still holding their suitcases. They just stood and looked. There were miles and miles of marble hallways and a living room filled with magnificent period furniture. There were life-sized statues and there was a fabulous crystal chandelier hanging from the high hallway ceiling. There were gold railings on the circular stairway that overlooked the rotunda.

"Oh, it's too big," Shirley said. "Let's go to a motel."

But then they all saw it together. At the steps and railings and bannisters, around the Taj Mahal of a pool, everywhere that a little Boone might tumble through, the studio had installed chicken wire. This homely safeguard, trimming all those exotic surroundings, set Pat, Shirley and Judy to giggling.

Shirley put her suitcase down. The girls, less impressed than the grownups, had already begun to run through the rooms and test their echos. "Well, this is one place the children can't damage," Shirley laughed. "After all, everything's made of marble."

When they'd finished counting, they found there were twenty-four rooms. "They told me at the studio," said Pat, "that this is the house where Prince Rainier lived when he was courting Grace Kelly." Amid these settings, Judy, too, began to feel like a princess, like the day she went to her first big Hollywood party.

She hadn't expected to go dating or partying when she said "yes" to being the Boones' baby-sitter. Her mother had cautioned her that she'd been hired for a job and that she mustn't let any of that Hollywood stardust blind her.

But one day Shirley came to Judy's room. "Pat and I want you to come to a party with us," she said. "Eva can look after the children. The studio's having a celebration for the 'Mardi Gras' cast, and I think you'd enjoy it. If you like," Shirley continued, "I'll help you pick out what to wear."

They decided on a navy blue Sunday dress and Shirley lent Judy a pair of tiny pearl earrings. In less than an hour, they were off to a Beverly Hills mansion. Once inside, Judy wanted to pinch herself to make certain all of it was really true.

Talking to her, asking about her, were so many people Judy'd seen on TV and in the movies and the magazines. The McGuire Sisters recognized her from the newspaper stories about Pat Boone's Iowa baby-sitter. Tommy Sands, whom she'd met at the Boone house one night when Pat had brought him home for dinner after the day's filming, asked her for a dance.

It had been a wonderful summer and now, it was almost over, Judy sighed.

Lindy tugged at her lilac-colored going-away dress. The musicale had ended. Granpa had gotten his beard out of the soup. Judy looked into the framed mirror above her dresser. She combed her bangs flat and told herself, "I've got to think of happy things, endings like the one in the song. Or else I'll start crying all over again."

A loud lunged "Hi everybody!" came from downstairs. Pat was home from the studio to drive them all to the airport.

In a minute he was upstairs. "Everybody ready?" he asked. The girls scurried downstairs after him. Judy stayed behind for one last, lingering look at her yellow room. "Goodbye, California room," she said. Then she picked up the small traveling bag and walked down the hallway to the big circular staircase.

"Okay, everybody," Pat said. "Pile in."

"Know what popped into my head, Judy, while I was dressing Laury?" Shirley turned around in the front seat and smiled at Judy. "I kept thinking of the day Pat couldn't open a charge account at Sears Roebuck. Remember, that was when we wanted to get all that playground equipment for the girls. The clerk figured 'actor' was too unstable a profession and they wanted to check Pat's financial references. So Pat ended up paying cash for everything."

"It was funny," Judy answered. "We all laughed. Nobody there seemed ever to have heard of Pat Boone!"

"Can you hear the planes?" Shirley said. "We're almost there. You know what else I've been thinking, Judy? Who's going to go through the fashion magazines with me and help me to make up my mind when I want a new dress? I guess I'll have to save the magazines till next year, and we'll have a big dress confab then, you and me."

Pat checked Judy's luggage, then bought everybody drinks of orange juice.

The airlines announcer was calling out the number of Judy's flight, and Judy put down her paper cup.

She took each of the girls and hugged them. "See you real soon, huh?" she said. "I know it. You just wait and see."

Pat thanked her and Shirley, holding little Laury in her arms, leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. The girls asked for another round of hugs and kisses before Judy went through the gate to the four-engine plane waiting for her.

The September sky darkened. Judy walked up the circular stairway to the plane's entrance, turned around and waved to all the little hands waving goodbye at her.

The plane's hostess directed her to a seat by the window. She looked out at the Boone girls, at Pat and Shirley, all waving goodbye to her, and her heart felt like it was bursting. In a moment, the motor rumbled and the plane rose slowly into the twilight sky. She looked out the window at the little specks below. Judy could still make out the station wagon and the Boones standing near it. Suddenly everything was a blur and Judy couldn't see them anymore. THE END

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JANET'S PARTY

Continued from page 58

a car pulled out in front of them and she shouted: "Watch out, Tony!"

"I see him," Tony assured her and with a sharp twist of the steering wheel, he turned the car into Santa Monica Boulevard.

"Mind if we stop at Martindale's Bookstore?" he asked. "I promised to pick up a new golf book for Dino."

"Now?" she asked, a little incredulous. "Couldn't we do it when we go shopping tomorrow morning?"

"It'll only take a minute."

Tony was gone ten minutes before she saw him in the car rear-view mirror, coming out of the bookstore.

"Had trouble finding a copy," he called out, half-running toward the car and waving the book in his hand.

"You know you were in there at least twenty minutes?"

"Ten," he flipped back, smiling. "Next stop, La Scala. Dino said they were going to have dinner there. It's just across the street. How about stopping in for a few minutes and dropping the book off?"

"I'll wait here, Tony," she answered, "or we'll really be late."

"Ah, c'mon, honey, just to say hello. You haven't seen Dino and Jeanne for a while. We won't stay long," he begged, and she could never refuse him when he looked at her that way.

"Oh, all right," she said finally, but added: "It's 7:30—we're already late for dinner."

Then Tony did something she'd never seen him do before. He opened the door and ran on ahead, leaving her to get out and find her way among the parked automobiles.

What's wrong with him today? she asked herself, somewhat annoyed, and gave a forced smile to the doorman who greeted her. "Good evening, Mrs. Curtis," he said, opening the restaurant door. "Mr. Curtis just went in."

"I know he did," she answered, telling herself: *Now, Janet, keep calm.* As she entered, Tony popped out of a side door, motioned for her to join him and playfully knocked two hanging Chianti bottles together before disappearing back into the room.

"Tony, what's the matter with you today?" she asked sharply as she caught up with him. "All this fuss about seeing Dino. I've . . ." and then, without warning, even though Tony's smile should have told her, she heard Dino singing, "Happy birthday to you" and Joan Collins and Lauren Bacall called out "Surprise! Surprise!" and the room was filled with her friends and Tony kissed her and all she could do was stand there and say: "Oh, Tony. Oh, To-ny." Then she started to cry and between tears tried to explain to them all—"I've never had a birthday party before."

Wiping her tears, she suddenly spotted Debbie Reynolds and without thinking, blurted out: "But what about Carrie? I thought she was sick?" And then she realized why Tony wouldn't stop by the Fishers'. "You knew all the time Debbie was going to be here, didn't you?" she laughed.

"And *you* didn't want to stop by for my book either, did you?" Dino Martin teased. "That's how much you worry about my golf game!"

And all Janet could do was blush with embarrassment, finally saying, "But Tony kept me waiting fifteen minutes . . ."

"Twenty minutes last time," Tony interrupted. "Woman, you always exaggerate." And Dino explained that Tony was forced to delay her because they were ten minutes early, and Janet collapsed again into laughter. "That's why . . ." she gasped. "It's all your fault that I got mad at Tony," she threatened Dino, and Tony escaped into the kitchen to get Janet's surprise birthday cake.

"Why do they make matches so short?" he said nervously to the manager as he lighted the candles on the twenty-pound birthday cake he had designed himself. It was pink and blue with a border of sixteen white candles. "You'd better light the rest or I'll burn the whole thing up," he said handing over his pack of matches, "before we even take the cake in."

"Here comes the cake, here comes the cake," sang Judy Garland as Tony wheeled it in, and Dino and Sammy Davis, Jr., joined in and for an encore: *"Happy birthday, dear Janet, Happy birthday to you."*

"Do you realize, Hon, how much it would have cost to get that trio to sing for us? I thought it would be cheaper to feed them," Tony kidded.

"That's what you think," shouted Sammy. "Wait 'til you see us eat!"

Tony watched Janet, her every move, as she looked at the cake and her eyes filled with tears. *She's lovely,* he thought. Her eyes glowed, and her smile, lighting her whole face, told everyone more than words how she felt. *She always talks with her hands,* he noticed, *when she's excited.* His expression softened as he thought, *We've been married seven years . . . seven years goes fast when a marriage is good . . . when two people try hard to make it work. That's the wonderful thing about Janet. She's never really so satisfied she doesn't keep trying to make ours better. . . . She's reaching for something, just as I am.* He smiled as he watched her bend over the cake and clasp her hands together. *She looks like a little girl,* he thought. He had told her that yesterday and she had thought he was teasing her, but he wasn't.

He had never thought of giving Janet a birthday party before. In fact not until a month before did she tell him she'd never had one—when they were talking about giving a big party for Kelly's second birthday and had flown back from New York earlier in order to get things ready for it.

"This is her first party so everything must be just right," Janet insisted, as they planned the games and prizes and party favors and guest list. "How'd you get to be such an authority on the subject?" he'd teased.

She was silent for a minute. "I don't know," she said finally. "I—I never had a real birthday party with other kids and games."

That's when Tony began planning tonight's party. *I've never had so much fun planning anything before,* he thought, watching Janet.

"Oh, it's lovely, just lovely," she was saying. "It's the loveliest cake I've ever seen. I won't want to ever cut into it."

"What does it say?" Lauren Bacall asked.

"Happy birthday Janet," she answered, giggling. "But it has a small house . . ."

"With the way you're expanding your family, it'd better be a big one," quipped Sid Luft.

". . . and it has a car with *Doc* written on it . . . and, let me see, trees, and our Benedict Canyon mountains . . . and," she burst into a radiant smile, "here's the stork."

"Carrying what?" asked John Forsythe.

"A purple-people eater," quipped Sammy Davis, but Janet was so preoccupied that she answered seriously: "No, it's a baby."

"Boy or girl?" Tony asked with a laugh.

And turning, her eyes meeting his, she smiled, "It's your design. You tell me."

Janet started counting the candles, pointing with her finger, missed one and began all over again, and suddenly she wasn't smiling any more and Tony thought she was going to cry.

"Blow hard," Jerry Gershwin called. "You have to blow all the candles out to get your wish." Janet took a deep breath.

Then in an excited voice, with all the magical belief of a child, she announced happily: "I get my wish! I get my wish! I blew them all out!" And throwing her arms around Tony, she gave him a hug and kiss on the cheek while Tony, almost bashfully, answered with: "C'mon, honey, let's eat."

"Oh, look, Tony," Janet pointed as they sat down at one of the five large round tables that Tony had especially decorated for the party, "There's a telegram under my plate." Ripping it open, she said, "It's from Las Vegas . . . oh, from Rosie and Jose Ferrer" and with Tony leaning over her shoulder she read their regrets that Rosie's engagement at the Sands Hotel prevented them from attending. "But it was sweet of them to wire, wasn't it?" she said and tucked the telegram safely into her pocketbook so she wouldn't forget it.

"The Sands Hotel should see this act," Tony laughed and pointed.

"Where?" she asked, then laughed, too, as her eye wandered past the waiters carrying huge trays of antipasto, to Dean, weaving in and out among the tables, strumming an imaginary guitar and suddenly bursting forth into a lusty Italian folk song.

"Hmmm, that singing waiter has possibilities, doesn't he, Tony?" Janet kidded as Dino ended his song with a deep bow in her direction and began another.

Finally when Gregory Peck put on a recording of Frank Sinatra's "Wee Hours," he threw up his hands in mock irritation and retreated to his table.

"Don't feel bad, Dino," Jeanne Martin teased. "Look at the menu."

"Main course: Choice of Chicken Dean Martin or Sausage and Peppers à la Tony Curtis," he read aloud. "What'd you order, Janet?"

"Sausage and peppers, of course," she answered.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Curtis," said the headwaiter over her left shoulder, "there's a phone call for you in the lobby."

"Saved by the bell," she punned as she followed him out of the room.

"Who is it?" she repeated. "I can't hear you . . ." and then gave a loud shout of recognition. "Mother! How are you? Yes, it's wonderful. You mean you knew . . . all the time you knew and you never told me? I wish you and Pops could have come. Know what Tony gave me? A beautiful silver toilette tray that I can hook on the side of the bathtub . . . with dozens of little compartments where I can store all those little things I keep losing. Luxurious, huh? Who's going to polish it? Why, Tony, of course . . . at least on my birthdays, he said. Kelly? . . . just fine. Me too. And Dad? Give him my love. . . . I will, both to Tony and Kelly. Right. 'Bye—and thanks for calling. 'Bye."

She stood for a moment in the quiet lobby, her hand still resting on the phone. She always felt a little homesick after talking to the folks. But a loud burst of applause from outside brought her back and she went out to see what was happening.

"Jan, you missed Tony's magic tricks," Joan Collins said.

"One advantage of being married to the

magician is that you can always catch the act later at home," she laughed and went over to where Tony was sitting quietly at one of the side tables. "Why so serious?" she asked, placing her hand in his.

"Oh, just thinking . . . remember where we were on your birthday last year?"

"Yes, in Europe, shooting 'The Vikings.' Seems so long ago, doesn't it," she answered, then brightening. "Guess who that was on the phone? Mother. She said you're to be congratulated on being able to keep a secret from me. She never could. And what a secret!" she said, looked happily around the room and kissed him on the forehead.

Tony looked up anxiously, "Feeling all right? How's the baby? Maybe we should think about going home. It's after two."

Here, let me carry those packages for you," Tony offered as Janet started gathering up her presents.

"I can't wait to get home and open them . . . it's just like Christmas," she laughed.

"And here's the guest list," Tony said, handing her a large white card, "for your scrapbook." And Janet read:

Judy Garland and Sid Luft
Dean and Jeanne Martin
Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Cahn
Joan Collins
Oscar and June Levant
Sammy Davis, Jr.
Lauren Bacall
Debbie Reynolds
John Forsythe
Jackie and Jerry Gershwin
Jay and Judy Cantor
Pat Newcomb
John Foreman
Warren Cowan
Henry Rogers
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Donen
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mirisch
Veronique and Gregory Peck

"Oh, Tony, what a wonderful souvenir," and she carefully slipped it into a large box to keep it from crushing.

"And, oh, we must bring Kelly a piece of birthday cake," she remembered. "Let's cut some right now. And another one for Debbie to take home for Carrie," she added, wrapping the cake in a napkin.

"Okay, all set," she said, slipping her arm through Tony's as they walked toward the door. " 'Nite, George," she called to the waiter. "Dinner was marvelous. I'll be down one of these days to bribe you into giving me some of those recipes. And I felt real elegant—white linen tablecloths—no checked ones tonight! Thanks for everything."

"Hey, look, Jan," Tony said, pushing open the door and pointing to their famous guests lining the curb pitching pennies! "Gambling is against the law," he kidded them, ". . . and that includes penny-pitching." Turning to Janet, he asked: "Feel lucky tonight?"

"Do I!" she laughed, putting out her hand, "Just give me some money," and clutching a handful of coins, she ran over to join Veronique Peck and Joan Collins, who were tossing the coins against the side of the restaurant wall.

"Pennies," scoffed Sammy Cahn, from the other side of the walk where the men had gathered. "We're playing for high stakes over here, Tony—quarters! C'mon over and try your luck."

"A quarter's about all the change Jan left me," Tony said, as he took his place at the curb.

Both teams were silent as a new game began and, except for the noise of early-morning traffic along the Boulevard, the only sound was a dull metallic ring as each coin struck the cement wall before falling to the sidewalk.

Suddenly the quiet was shattered as the ladies' team began to argue!

"Wasn't that mine . . . ?"

"No, I think it belonged to me. . . ."

"I'm sure it was mine," Tony heard Janet's voice above the others.

"Hey, girls! What's happening over there?" Tony called.

"We need an umpire," laughed Joan Collins. "Everybody's claiming the winning penny." And then Janet's gay voice rang out again: "After all, whose party do you think this is anyway?"

"Birthday or no birthday," Veronique said, trying to stifle her laughter, "that doesn't make you the winner. We'll just have to play that game over again," and the rivals scrambled for their pennies. The men suspended their game to watch as each girl, serious and determined to win, stepped up to the edge of the sidewalk, gauged the distance, then shut her eyes and threw.

"You'd think a movie contract was at stake," laughed Stanley Donen to Jerry Gershwin, but he was the first to call out: "Who won?" as the last penny was thrown.

"Me!" Janet cried. "I'm vindicated—that must have been my penny before because I've won again," she said excitedly, ". . . and all fair and square," she added, emphasizing each word with a nod of her head, then bent down and scooped up her winnings. "We'd better go while I'm ahead," she called to Tony and ran over to him, "Look, six cents," she said proudly, "how'd you make out?"

"Never mind about that," he answered. "A loser never talks. Besides, it's almost three in the morning. I've got to get you and the baby home," and he hustled her over to the car.

"Goodnight everyone," she called back as Tony opened the car door for her. "And thanks for everything."

Let's drive with the top down," she suggested and with a long, contented sigh, leaned her head against the back of the seat and smiled up at the stars. "What a wonderful, wonderful night," and she looked toward Tony. He leaned over, put his arm around her shoulders and kissed the tip of her nose. "I'm glad you had such a good time," he said, "I planned it that way," and started the car as Janet turned to wave a final goodbye.

"Wasn't it nice of Norma Shearer to stop by?" she said as they drove along the quiet, tree-lined streets. "Just think, Tony, if it hadn't been for her, I wonder where I would be now . . . I'd never have met you . . . wouldn't have Kelly or all those wonderful friends . . . never made a movie . . . and would never have had my birthday party," she finished in a tender voice.

They drove in silence for a while before Janet said in a low voice, "You know what made me feel proudest tonight? That all those people—Greg and Veronique, Judy and Debbie and Sammy and Dino and Jeanne and everyone else—wanted to share *my* birthday with me. Sometimes I can't help but wonder if there ever was a Jeanette Helen Morrison from Stockton, California . . . shy and lonely and so unhappy because she wasn't pretty or popular. How I used to envy other kids their friends and homes and pretty clothes. I never, never dreamed then that my life could be this happy," she said with a catch in her voice. "We've come a long way together, haven't we, Tony?"

And putting her head on his shoulder, she said softly: "Let's take our favorite ride home."

THE END

JANET AND TONY STAR IN U.A.'S "THE VIKINGS." TONY'S IN U.A.'S "SOME LIKE IT HOT."

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"WHY DID MY MOTHER DIE?"

Continued from page 43

the bus fare for a simple trip from Tupelo to a big city like Memphis . . . after all those bad times, "I want to give you everything," he told her. Mom had loved life, yet, not once, when she had sacrificed so much of her life to working hard to give him everything she could, not once had he ever heard her complain.

"Never mind," she'd say, "I know some day, son, you'll repay me. I know you'll make good."

And he had. Being famous and rich meant only one thing: He could give her the things he wanted, to repay her for all those bad years.

Yet he'd had such a little while to give her all the things he'd wanted her to have. "Why did Mom have to die now?" He couldn't seem to put the question out of his mind, and he couldn't seem to find the answer to it, either.

He stared out through the barracks window, looking at the German countryside. The hills had been green with life and beauty when he first arrived. "How she would have loved to see that," he'd thought. Now, the countryside was bare and windswept—somehow it matched the way he felt inside.

He turned from the window. "Things happen so quickly," he thought. "And yet there is so much to remember . . . so much . . ."

It had been a scorching day at Fort Hood, Texas, that day when his mother stepped out of the dusty taxi. She didn't look a bit tired. Perhaps it was the excitement of spending a week with him at camp that made her look so wonderful. But towards the end of her visit, he was blaming himself for not seeing that it had been too much for her. He'd looked at her anxiously then. "I should have seen it sooner," he told himself. The last few days at camp, the excitement, the Texas summer, they had left her more tired than he had ever seen her; more tired than the days when he was fourteen and she'd been working at that factory that made curtain rods, just so he could go out for football after school and wouldn't have to go to work.

"Mom, are you sure you're feeling okay?" he kept asking her. But she would only answer his question with a soft laugh. When the time came for him to put her on the train for home, he'd had to fight to hide his fear and anxiety—he knew she wasn't well.

Then the telephone call came from Dad. "El, Mama's in the hospital." His father spoke softly and hesitantly. "Dr. Clarke says she's got hepatitis. He says it doesn't have to be too serious but . . . well, I thought maybe you'd like to be here."

His commanding officer gave him a week's emergency leave immediately. "Not because of who I am," he thought. "Any guy would get leave if his mother was sick. And I guess he could see that I'd go to pieces if I couldn't get on the first train for home."

The train trip was a nightmare. He sat there, hour after hour, leaning forward almost as if that might make the train go faster. They had to get him a private compartment so he would not be mobbed at every stop. No one knew why he was going home, he told no one but his C.O. and to the guys in the barracks he said his mother was seriously ill. No one knew what he was going through.

It wasn't until he saw his mother at the hospital that his anxiety left him. He opened the door to her room and saw her. He stood there—just looking. She saw him and cried out, "My son, my son," and he ran to her side. "I'll never leave you, Mom," he said, "never."

How much better she had looked, sitting up in bed for the first time the next day. Dad had teased her about pretending she was sick, "when all you really want is a little rest and attention," he had said. And he had joined in the teasing when he realized how much their joking and his stories about camp made her laugh. He stood there holding her hand and smiling but he didn't feel like it. He knew she was sick: "Acute hepatitis is no fun, El," the family doctor had said. "Gladys seems to be much better today but she's still very sick."

And to the reporters who descended upon him and Dad, he had to admit: "Mom's not doing too well right now . . . not well at all."

He and Dad spent almost all the next day with her. She would look at them and say, "I don't know what I'm doing in here. I feel so much better." And then, with a smile for both of them, "Maybe it's just having my two favorite menfolk here that's cheering me up so."

That day was a quiet one. When he left the hospital, the reporters that approached him were kinder, a little more gentle in their questions, as if, at last, they realized that he was going through a pretty bad time. "My family is all I've got in the world," he told them quietly, half thinking aloud. "I love them and I like them and I always want to have them around. They can't be replaced." Elvis knew Mom felt the same way. His twin brother had died at birth.



He'd hardly begun to repay Mother, Elvis thought. But could love ever be repaid?

"Can't I spend the night at the hospital," he had asked. But there was no room and his father insisted he go home to get a few hours of sleep.

The thought that he should not have left his mother that night will never be erased. "If only I'd stayed, maybe things would have been different, if only I had been there," he thought. Instead, there had been the ringing of the telephone. He wasn't fully awake when he went to pick up the receiver, but he knew . . . he knew something had happened at the hospital. He didn't want to answer it, but he did, picking up the receiver very slowly.

"Elvis? . . . El? That you?"

"Dad? What's wrong?"

"It's over, El."

His mother had passed away in her sleep. She died of a heart attack.

Visitors to the funeral home the day of the burial filled up more than thirty guest books—ninety names to the book.

Reverend Hamill, pastor of the First Assembly of God Church, stood up. His voice was clear and strong and Elvis remembered that he, too, had called her "a young mother."

"A eulogy to Mrs. Presley would be unnecessary," he said, "for the whole nation knows she was a lady of extreme modesty and simple tastes. She certainly would not want it.

"I would like to recall, instead, how devoted she was to her husband and son. The whole world has taken notice of this. The strength of her character is revealed in the influence she has had on her famous son." He continued to speak in reminiscent tones, recalling the "lean days" of the early years of the Presley family, just as Elvis had done at the hospital when we had visited his mother. "We didn't have nothin' before—nothin' but a hard way to go," he'd said to her. These things Reverend Hamill spoke of and then he said, "When fame and fortune came, it did not change Mrs. Presley's perspective of life." He turned and spoke directly to Elvis: "You can take great comfort that thousands upon thousands around the world are praying for your spiritual guidance through this dark hour." He turned from Elvis and closed the burial service with a benediction. He'd struggled from his seat, limp and torn with emotion, and walked slowly to his mother's bier.

"Goodby, darling, Goodby darling!" he cried out. He moved closer. "I love you so much. I love you, darling. You know how much I love you. I lived my whole life for you. We'll keep the house, darling. Everything that you loved. We won't move a thing. Goodby, darling. Goodby, baby. I love you . . . I love you . . ."

His voice trailed off as funeral attendants gently led him to a waiting limousine.

He sat in the large funeral car, slumped down with grief. Everything was hushed and still and he could hear the voice of an elderly lady behind the roped-off section, saying softly, "The poor boy. Not all boys loved their mothers like he did. Why did she have to be taken from him?"

And when Elvis returned to Graceland, he sat out on the porch steps, and he thought the same question . . . "Why did I have to lose her? Why?" And he looked around the grounds of Graceland and felt the warm sun on him. He heard the birds off in the chestnut trees and thought of his mom. She always loved a day like this. He thought of the houses he'd bought for his parents and then he thought of the day he'd bought Graceland for them. "Oh, Elvis," Mother had said when she saw it for the first time. "It's so big, Elvis, so grand . . ."

Fleeting moments of his life with his mother and father rushed across his mind. He thought of Mrs. Foote, their Memphis neighbor who was so good to them when they were poor. He remembered what Mrs. Foote had said about his Mama. "El, I just want you to know I don't think fame's ever gone to your head nor your Mama's either. Gladys knew that sometimes I just get tired livin' cooped up here. She called me one day and asked me to dinner at Graceland and for some doings afterward. And she said, knowing how excited I was, 'I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll bring you out in the pink Cadillac, and bring you back in the yellow one.' Your Mama's a wonderful woman, El."

But nobody had to tell him that. She'd always been there when he needed her. When he'd fall down and skin his knee, or when he'd have a fight with one of the other kids, she'd always be such a comfort. And she would always see that he had toys and clothes like the other kids, even when it had meant she'd have to work long long hours as a nurses' aid, and for just twenty-eight dollars a week. No, when the time came for growing up, it was never his folks he wanted to rebel against, but the poverty that kept them working so hard. . . . And yet, it was poverty that kept them so close to one another. "I'll be someone someday," he had promised her.

How strange, he thought, that it was Mama who guided him, unknowingly in a way, along the right path . . . "Why, Mrs. Presley, your Elvis has a fine, strong voice." That's what folks at church in Tupelo used to say when he'd sing at services. But it hadn't been performing exactly; it was just having fun. He'd sung hymns and things with his Mom and Dad as far back as he could remember. They enjoyed singing together—they enjoyed everything they did together.

And it was Mom who was responsible for one of the biggest turning points in his life. He was eleven that summer the cyclone came. She had hustled him into the cyclone cellar, a covered excavation, near their house.

They sat there singing together for a while, because Gladys knew he was scared and she'd always said singing was good for the spirits. Then they got to talking and he had asked her about the bicycle he'd been admiring in the general-store window.

He remembered how she looked at him, her eyes so big—and so sad. "Now look, honey," she said softly, taking his hand in hers, "it costs fifty-five dollars, and that's a lot of money for us, especially since your Daddy's been sick. Besides, we'd feel a lot safer if you'd wait till next year for a two-wheeler."

Even though he really understood, he felt awfully let down. But then she said, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll wait a year for the bike, your Daddy and I will get you that guitar in the window *next* to the bike. How would that be?" He wasn't so sure. He never even thought of learning to play a guitar. "It would help with your singing," she went on, "and everyone does enjoy hearing you sing, honey."

Dad had been right when he told someone, "Gladys and I saw to it that Elvis never wanted for anything, even when we were troubled." And then, as he looked out over the spacious lawns of Graceland that Gladys had loved so well, he remembered thinking of what he had said to her when he was nineteen and his first hit song, "That's All Right," was breaking records. "You've taken care of me for nineteen years, now it's my turn."

Tears welled up in his eyes as he stood by his barrack window, thousands of miles from his home—from his mother's grave . . . "How," he asked himself "how could you repay people for loving you so much, doing so much for you?"

And then, as he looked across the gray dawn of the German countryside, the answer came to Elvis. It was as though some higher power had felt and heard his grief, seen his unhappiness, known his pain. For suddenly, Elvis understood a little. The new house, the cars, the trips, the parties—these were only tokens of love. Love couldn't be *repaid,* except with love. And Elvis knew in his heart that he had given his mother love. And he was comforted. THE END

TEAMS!

Continued from page 34

past. I guess he was trying to keep us all awake. Anyway, we all began chiming in with our favorites and, before you knew it, we had a real big quartet going for us. "Dinah," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "Blue Moon"—you catch the picture. We weren't always on key, and sometimes we'd sort of have to krannerfrantz the words, but it sure was fun. (And at that time of night, what can you expect?)

"We ought to form our own team," said Tony, "and start cutting discs."

"He's mad," I thought. "The witch doctor's put a hex on him." But then it struck me that more than one vocal group probably got started in a setting not much different from ours.

Maybe the idea has even struck you and your friends when you're sitting around at a party or a picnic, singing or keeping time to the record player. Sound exciting? Well, it's not as fantastic as it sounds.

Take the Four Lads. You probably have their record of "Enchanted Island" in your own collection. Well, they were four choir boys at St. Michael's Cathedral School in Toronto, when they decided to form a quartet. Sound easy? The Lads stopped by at my office in Philadelphia and told me there's more to it than that. "Getting together and singing is one thing," they said, "and getting those hit records is another." It took years of experience and hard work for Frank Busseri, Bernard Toorish, James Arnold and Connie Codemini to hit the top. And believe me, they work even harder to stay there.

At school in Toronto, the boys studied music for several years. Believe it or not—working on classics and sacred music—on hymns and chants. After hours, they'd stash their cassocks and get together to warble some of the pop standards and new hits. It didn't take Frank, Bernie, Jimmy and Connie long to find that their musical tastes matched as well as their musical talents. It sort of hit them all together—and all at once—that maybe they ought to join up and give show business a whirl.

They were young, and there were four of them. So one of them piped up with, "Why not call ourselves the Four Lads?" "Why not?" was the answer. They took the name. Now, the next step was to get the show on the road.

Soon, local stations in the Toronto area began to find four eager young fellows parked on their doorsteps and anxiously asking for auditions. The first audition, they say, is always the hardest. The Lads will back that one up and so will I. My friends, as a fellow who has auditioned for announcing jobs at local stations—and how many times did I do that—let me tell you that these auditions are hard on the nerves.

The Lads told me about an early hearing they had at one station. "Be there at ten," they'd been told. So, being young and ambitious, they arrived at nine-thirty. Seated in the lobby, they hummed, crooned, did anything they could think of to get over the jitters. Ten o'clock came—and they were still sitting. By ten-fifteen, they were still waiting, but no longer just sitting. They were pacing. By ten-thirty,

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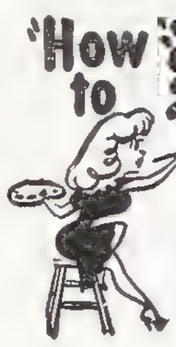
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they were ready to break for the door, if anyone would just say the word. Finally, at about fifteen minutes to eleven, they were called into the studio and a microphone was set before them.

"Sing," a voice commanded them, and the Lads started in. But not all at once. After a few false starts, they called a halt, clenched their fists, took a few deep breaths, and started all over again. They were half-way through their number when the studio door opened. A fellow in shirt-sleeves came in, tapped the microphone and then called into it, "Can you hear me now?" No answer. Down on his hands and knees went the fellow. He crawled around looking for outlets while the Lads stood by, growing more bewildered by the minute. Finally, the man looked up with a big grin of satisfaction. "Oh, there it is," he said. "Sorry, boys, but we didn't have the mike on before."

He left and the same quiet voice as before repeated, "Sing." Four shaky voices started off again. This time, they'd only gotten through the first few bars when the studio door opened again and a horde of women came through, laughing and pushing at each other. Following them was an impressive figure, wearing an out-of-character loud bow tie. "Sorry," he informed our heroes, "but we need this studio. We go on the air here in three minutes."

That did it! The Lads sprinted out of there like track stars, not even waiting to hear if they'd got the job. Guess they were scared they might be hired to work there, after all. But if they didn't get that job, they soon began picking up others. They sang on other stations and in local clubs. They were earning money but, even shinier and more important than those coins was the polish they were gaining as a group.

"The really big break," says Connie, "was our tryout engagement at the Ruban Bleu in New York. We were hired for just a few days, and we stayed for thirty weeks." That was time enough for the word to get around about this red-hot new singing team. They began getting offers from the big hotels and from other lush night clubs.

Next rung on the ladder were guest spots on television and a contract with Columbia Records. You may not know it but in the beginning the Lads pitched in to provide backing for such popular "single" artists as Johnnie Ray, Doris Day and Frankie Laine. Then one of their own discs got grooved, labeled and distributed. It went. Since then, albums by the Lads have been up there in the best-selling category for years, and the boys have a real long list of singles, too. Way at the top of it is one of my all-time favorites, "Enchanted Island."

Now, I don't think I'll ever forget the day they introduced that on "Bandstand." When the Lads had finished, there wasn't a sound, and for a few minutes, the boys just stood there and looked puzzled. They'd felt sure they had a big hit. Then, all of a sudden, the studio audience let loose. They gave the Lads one of the loudest and longest hands I've ever heard.

Later, in my office, Frank Busseri was talking about it. "I broke out in a cold sweat when we didn't get that immediate reaction," he said, "but, boy, when it came it sure made us feel good." It was applause well-earned by the Four Lads. They're a quartet that could easily call themselves the Four Nice Guys. They are but definitely not square.

And neither are The Diamonds, that other foursome whose record of "The Stroll" brought a whole new dance to "American Bandstand." I guess it's a funny thing, but the Four Lads send me—send me thinking, that is, of this other quartet that's from north of the border, too. "Not so funny," Bernie Toorish of the Lads told me one day. "As a matter of fact, I went to high school with Tedd Kowalski, tenor for the Diamonds."

If you ask me—and if you won't, I bet Tony Mammarella will—all the Diamonds fit easily into the musical circles. Dave Somerville, for instance, was born in Guelph, Ontario, and studied classical music (it never hurts) for two years at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. Dave's one of the few people who can come on "Bandstand" and know exactly what goes with the trillions of dials in the control booth. You see, he's a whiz at that sort of thing, and he worked as a radio engineer for the CBC after he'd been graduated from Central Technical High in Toronto.

A third member of the group, twenty-two-year-old Mike Douglas, is the proud owner of a door at which opportunity knocked twice. Mike was one of the original members of the Diamonds when they were just singing for kicks at parties, benefits and local fairs. When the decision was made to turn fun into fortune, Mike couldn't go along—he was too tied up at school. Then, after Mike had come to the last page of the textbooks, an opening came up in the group. The fellows got in touch with Mike immediately. "Interested in rejoining us?" they queried. "You bet," was the quick answer, and soon Mike was back on the podium, vocalizing and also panicking the audience with his great impressions of celebrities.

Fourth member is Bill Reed, another former student at Central Technical High School. Before joining the Diamonds, Bill worked as a telephone-installation man. But even before that, he'd caught the yen for the musical end of show business from his father, who had his own quartet for many years. "Matter of fact," Bill told me, "my dad and his quartet were the first vocal group to sing on radio in Canada." Bill's voice, incidentally, probably has as many imitators as those of the great stars Mike Douglas does impressions of. Bill's the bass of the group and it's him on the talking solo parts of "Little Darling" and "The Stroll." They were the Diamonds' biggest ones. For weeks after they came out, I can remember the gang at "Bandstand" imitating that *"Little darling, ooohhh little darling . . . where are youuuu?"* Have to admit I did it myself, but, honest, fellas, it was only in fun.

Getting back to Tedd Kowalski, here's a fellow who had a rather unusual occupation before he turned to singing professionally. A grad of the University of Toronto, Tedd worked at booking acts at the Odeon Theater in Toronto. Tedd's got a real great sense of humor and, boy, if you've ever caught his antics when the group does "Little Darling," you'll agree he could make the top as a comic, too.

The Diamonds are all in their early or mid-twenties. And, gals and guys, let ol' Dick here tell you that youthful vigor comes in real handy when you're dashing from stage to plane to hotel to stage just about every day of the week. These boys just thrive on it. I remember the last time they were down to see us. We were all in my office and, with four Diamonds perched on my desk, it was a full house. "Gosh, Dick," said Tedd, "just the thrill of each personal appearance is the best picker-upper around for when you get the weary blues on a road tour." Well, that's fine, boys, but here's hoping you Diamonds are in one place long enough to unwrap a few more hits like "Little Darling" for Christmas.

If you're like me, Christmas makes you think of snow. And that takes us back to Canada. But not for long. Don't get the idea that a singing combo has to be born in Canada to get to the top. ("No," I can hear the Lads and Diamonds saying, "but it sure helps.")

One of the year's fastest-rising groups hails from nowhere else but Belmont Avenue in The Bronx. For sure, that's Dion and the Belmonts. Dion Di Mucci, the eighteen-year-old leader of this band of four, already has more years in show business than many stars who have been shaving for twice as long.

When Dion was about three years old, he got into the act with his father, Pat Hill, a well-known puppeteer who had performed all over the world before his retirement. Dion seems to be one of those lucky guys who are just born with a natural ear for music. He started playing the guitar as soon as he was big enough to hold one. As to singing, to Dion that's "doing what comes naturally"—to crib a phrase from Irving Berlin.

When Dion was on "Bandstand," he got into a huddle, over Cokes, with some of the audience. "We're a young group," he told them. "But those three guys who make up the Belmonts and who back me up on songs, they've got a lot of talent for any age. Take Fred Milano," he said. "He's nineteen and he's as great at classical music on the piano as he is on rock 'n' roll vocals. Angelo D'Aleo, why he's only eighteen, just like me. And Carlo Mastrangelo is nineteen—he sure lords that extra year over me. Anyway, he's a mighty fine jazz drummer."

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The boys are all recent grads of Roosevelt High in the Bronx. Want to try guessing how they decided to team up? Did you say "at a party?" Well, you couldn't be any righter. When you're still in high school, it seems that breaking into the world of show business is just a dream. Still, every chance they'd get, Dion and his pals would put their heads together and make with the pop harmony. Parties were a good chance, all right. At one of them, a friend of Dion's listened to the boys and decided that he could—and would—lend a helping hand. He took a demonstration record of Dion singing alone down to Gene Schwartz at Laurie Records. Gene listened, liked, and the next thing that Dion knew he was closeted in a recording studio and running through a number called "Chosen Few."

No, "Chosen Few" didn't sell a million. After all, how lucky can you get? But the record did move out of the record stores sufficiently fast in New York, Boston and enough other cities to convince Schwartz that Dion could make it and be real comfortable in that million-selling neighborhood.

Dion and his three buddies had been close as a quartet's harmony in high school. Now that Dion had had his first break, he didn't forget his pals. Before they could finish counting the profits on "Chosen Few," the officials at Laurie Records found themselves listening to the Belmonts backing up Dion. This, too, they liked, and, in March of 1958, they teamed the boys for a little number called "I Wonder Why."

Last summer, Dion and the Belmonts, all bachelors, kept hopping. They toured the country with the Summer Dance Party circuit, playing one-night stands in cities and towns from New York to Los Angeles. They loved it. Incidentally, there may be an opening in the group this month. Angelo is due for a date with the U.S. Navy real soon. But he'll be back and rejoining the group in a few years—or Dion and the other Belmonts will "wonder why."

Dion, by the way, isn't the only young musical star to get his love of the entertainment world from his parents. Two young men who go by the name of Phil and Don Everly also take the cue from their mother and father. Margaret and Ike Everly toured the South and West, and their style of music had 'em rockin' in the aisles. Or hasn't anybody told you that country music is grandpappy to rock 'n' roll?

Ike Everly taught Phil and Don how to play the guitar when they were still wee ones. The boys joined the family act and, after their father and mother retired, they decided to stay in the music business. Neither had any "school music" lessons, but they figured they could still find room at the top.

They worked everywhere they could, any time they could. "We'd just keep imagining," Phil told me, "what a thrill it would be to see those words, 'The Everly Brothers,' up in lights over a theater." Eighteen months ago, it took a lot of imagining. The boys were singing—but was anybody listening? "We sure got discouraged at times," Don said, "and we were kind of tempted, now and then, to give up the whole idea."

There's a lesson in there somewhere. When you're tempted to give up, don't. If you have the natural talent the Everly Brothers have, you can be sure someone will be listening. In their case, it was Wes Rose, the music publisher. Wes listened and decided to become the boys' manager. One day, he talked to Archie Bleyer, who's top man at Cadence Records. (He's also husband to one of the Chordettes.) Wes sounded so high on the boys that Archie decided to take a flyer. He auditioned them, and then put them to work waxing "Bye Bye Love."

Once that was on the record racks, there was nothing but cash registers ringing in music stores around the U.S.A. The first record was a *gold* one, selling more than a million copies for Cadence. Next up was "Wake Up Little Susie," and that didn't sell a million—it sold two million! Albums have followed, too, so that now, no matter where you turn on the dial, you're sure to hear one by the Everly Brothers.

You're liable to see them anywhere, too, for they travel more than an airline pilot. When the boys and I were talking, that last time they were on "Bandstand," Don told me that he figured they'd made more than 300 personal appearances in the last year. "Suzie, that's my wife," said Don, "teases me about it. She pretends that she's jealous because I seem to get such a kick out of being away. Poor Phil, he isn't married and so he's got a flock of girls to complain about his traveling."

The Everly Brothers are the only kin in the teams we've talked about. But one thing that they and all the others have in common is that determination to keep working to improve their styles and their voices. That goes double for Danny and the Juniors, winners of our annual poll on "American Bandstand" as the year's most promising vocal group.

Those boys got their start as a vocal team harmonizing during lunch hours at John Bartram High School in Philadelphia. Can't you just hear the jokes flying about "hams on rye"? It didn't discourage Danny Rapp, though. With Joe Terranova, Dave White and Frank Maffei, he'd just move from the school lunchroom to after-class sodas at a neighborhood drug store. It was just a continuation of the noon show, with the boys entertaining their classmates by singing the top hits.

That was back in January 1956. That year, it just seemed that every time the boys sang, it was before, after or during mealtimes. After dinner, they'd rehearse some more, rotating homes "so no parents got too much of a bad deal," Danny grins. They'd sing at any banquet, wedding or party that would let them. Eventually, this showcasing paid off. A guest at one party told Artie Singer, a Philadelphia voice coach, about the boys.

The boys sang and Artie listened. Artie talked and then the boys did the listening. Danny and the Juniors had been working on a number they were calling "At the Bop." Artie began tinkering with the number and helping to write it. Soon, the title was "At the Hop" and it was going 'round and 'round on the Singular record label. It broke wild and the people who pays their money at the record counters were taking this as their choice. The record was transferred to the ABC Paramount label and became the theme for disc-ophiles everywhere.

Danny and the Juniors followed "At the Hop" with "Rock 'n' Roll Is Here To Stay" and also with a long string of personal appearances in New England and points south and west. Wherever they go, the practice sessions go with them. In planes, trains and busses . . . in hotel rooms and in the wings waiting to go on . . . Danny and the Juniors are the same as the Four Lads, the Diamonds, the Everly Brothers, and Dion and the Belmonts. They worked hard to get to the top—and they all work just as hard to stay there. They work as teams—and, come on, gang, who do we appreciate? Two, four, six, eight. That's right! Teams, teams, teams!

As for me, I'm rooting for *you*. See you next month. —DICK



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4,688 GIRLS . . .

Continued from page 40

been working, it would have been impossible.

"What shall I do?" I asked the folks at Photoplay when I stopped in to pick up the latest bushel basket of mail. And bless their hearts, they came to the rescue. "Why not write another article, George," they suggested, "answering the questions most asked, and those you feel call for special attention?"

"Great!" I agreed. So, on my first free day, we got together in Photoplay's offices —Photoplay's efficient gal Friday, Shirlee Haut, the letters, and I.

To begin, I can't tell you how impressed I've been with one fact and one, oh, call it "emotion" if you want, that has run through all your letters. That is, the need to talk to someone, the need to express what you feel in your innermost mind. I think I'm wise enough to know that it certainly isn't *me* that you are writing to. I think it's mostly because some of the things that I said in that article, some of the individual and learned people I quoted that touched many readers very deeply.

It made me wonder why people can't communicate with those around them. Why do all of us in our everyday lives seemingly feel ashamed of expressing thoughts and emotions that are obviously very true and very real? What's happening to all of us that we can't be sincere without feeling either that we will be misunderstood or made fun of or just plain "tuned out"? Probably this question would never have entered my mind except for your letters. I wish I knew the answer, but since I don't, I picked out some of the questions that perhaps I can answer.

Pat in Cleveland writes in part: "From what I've seen of this sorry old world, not too many people think the way you seem to. That's why I'm writing this. Too bad you can't bottle the understanding you have written; you'd make a million the first week. While I'm at it I would like to ask if that article was written by you?"

First of all, Pat, I wish I could reassure you as I have been reassured by all these letters that maybe this isn't as "sorry an old world" as we sometimes think. Perhaps there are many, many people who feel the way we do. We have no way of knowing because most of the time they never speak up. But they do exist, Pat. And, yes, I did write the article. I must confess that some very nice people along the way were good enough to correct my spelling and punctuation, both of which leave much to be desired, but the thoughts were mine and the words were mine.

Barbara, in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, says: "While I enjoyed your ideas very much and think you are very wise in what you say, don't you think you are asking a little too much of 'the woman'—whoever she might be?"

Well, Barbara, as I'm sure you know, the wise thoughts in the article were certainly not original with me. Most of them have been batting around for well on to two thousand years now. And as for "asking a little too much" of the girl I marry, you must realize that the article was in a good part day-dreaming out loud and I certainly wasn't trying to set down a list of things that had to be nor was I putting myself up on a pedestal from where I could "dictate."

In capsule form the qualities I'd look for in a wife are these: a) She'd be sweet and neat and good to look at, b) have a sense of humor toward life and everything in it, and c) be an individual, having her own ideas on a good many subjects, able to think things through and decide what, in her opinion, makes sense.

How did I come to these conclusions? Since so many other guys feel as I do and would like the girl they marry to have these qualities, I guess I've reached these general conclusions like most others have: by looking around me, by contrasting, by comparing.

For instance, in high school, like the rest of the adolescent male population, I was "sent" by the local blonde with the 36-24-36 bit. And, like the rest of the crowd, I dated her when she was "available"—but after a while I began to realize that she, like so many beautiful people, was only interested in herself and a very narrow portion of the life around her. The rest of the world and the people in it were of no importance to her unless they could be used to her advantage. She was cold, calculating and selfish—and heaven help the guy she finally married. Blondes certainly have improved. I compared a picture in an old yearbook of this high-school doll with what I saw while watching the "Miss America" contest a while back. Wow, have the standards been raised!

By contrast, I still remember another girl, perhaps not as glamorized and flashy, but with a warmth and an interest and a liking for people that made you feel good just to be around her. No, she wasn't as "popular" then (in a certain specialized sense) as the other girl was—but, let's face it, at that time most of us had what you might call sort of one-track minds. We were mainly interested in girls who were obvious and attractive and available; we didn't have any long-range ideas on the subject at all. Well, fine. It's a stage most people go through when they're starting to grow up—but where the rub comes in is that if at that stage the condition is made permanent by something as binding as marriage Well, look at the divorce rate these days.

Patricia in New York sends a real stopper: "I have read so much about men who are looking for 'the girl.' Well, how about we girls who are looking for 'the man'? Now both are looking. How do they meet?"

Anyone who has the answer in a couple of sentences to as old a problem as that really has it made. The only thing I *can* say is that too often people seem to settle for second or third best and this, of course, does not make for happiness.

Betty in Massachusetts has a very serious question: "Suppose you met a girl, and something inside told you that she might just be the right one for you, but she told you that she had been previously married and had, let's say, two children. Knowing this, would it make a difference in the way you might feel about the girl?"

Since I'm being completely honest in answering these questions, Betty, all I can say is that from my own point of view, when I meet the right girl, it's not going to make any difference to me who she is or what she is or what has happened in the past. Don't you think too many of us dwell on the past and give it too much importance?

Shirley in Michigan is a little upset with me: "Just because a handful of people try to imitate the Joneses, that doesn't mean that everyone in this consarned nation does. There are plenty of individuals in these United States. You just haven't come across any of them. Look around you, Mr. Nader!"

Then Shirley goes on for three more sizzling pages and ends with the P.S.: "Don't forget what I said about mingling with us common folks. It will do you a lot of good."

Shirley, I'm glad at least that you signed "your friend and fan," because you really sound angry and I can't quite honestly understand why. I wasn't trying in my article to point the finger at everybody in our nation. I was and hope I always will be irritated at people who are either too lazy or too weak to assert themselves as individuals and thinking human beings.

Every player I know gets letters asking for advice on problems of many kinds.

I think offering advice on personal and intimate problems is one of the most foolish and meddlesome things most people can do. The only suggestion I would have is to say that in matters such as these one should seek the intelligent and wise advice of a family physician, priest, pastor or rabbi, depending upon your religious convictions, or some other older and wiser counselor. Above all, you should not expect to receive competent advice from actors in motion pictures. Many of them have trouble enough memorizing their lines.

Ann asks a very reasonable question: "Is this a publicity stunt, gimmick, or real?"

Ann, it's of course impossible for you to really know me completely as a person and, therefore, it's understandable that you wouldn't realize certain things about the way I am put together. As an actor



Jazz
VS.
Rock 'n' Roll

ART FORD—ALAN FREED
Both Speak Out About This
Red Hot Subject

Also News on: Bill Cullen
Ann Sothern
Robert Culp • Peter Brown

all in the November TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands

there are many things that I do as part of my profession that I certainly wouldn't do as a private individual. But writing an article and having it published merely as a "publicity stunt or gimmick" is something that I would not do. I don't think I could face the mirror in the morning thinking that I had dishonestly played upon the emotions of even one other human being. That's why you will find, if you keep track, that there are many types of magazines that I don't appear in and many types of articles I won't write because I don't believe in them.

A girl in Petaluma, California, writes: "I am not by any stretch of the imagination your type of girl. However your article was very good and at least it shows you have a thinking mind, which is rare these days." (Ouch!) "Just being signed to a studio is like being in a deadlock. Besides, it's ruinous to good talent. It seems to build actors and actress into mere shadows of what they could be. I resent being ambushed by messy-looking Indians via the wide screen, getting eyestrain from CinemaScope, shot at by Stereophonic sound and bored to the teeth with super sets, poor acting, feeble scripts and an utter disregard for the intelligence of the viewer. It would be wonderful to see a picture full of everything that is masterful, beautiful, directed with a powerful and astute hand. I have always thought that, to any artist of value, money is the thing least thought of, or is it? Now you may think differently. Money may be very important to you. If it is, then you are not an actor. Acting is like being a painter I think, we both paint pictures for others to enjoy and think about."

Well, while there aren't actually a lot of questions in the parts of the letter I have quoted, the writer certainly makes me want to do a lot of answering. While I agree with her about her attitude toward some of our present-day screen products, people still are trying in this industry to create something to be proud of and are occasionally succeeding. And I think there are many pictures in the past made by Hollywood that fulfill her requirements of "everything that is masterful, beautiful, directed with a powerful and astute hand." I can't agree with her when she says "acting is like being a painter—we both paint pictures for others to enjoy and think about." In the first place, a painter is an individual with full control over the finished product. An actor is merely one part of the many talents that it takes to make up the complex product known as a motion picture. And I don't quite understand that if money is important to a person, then it must follow that they're not an artist. Money in many cases is power and power can be extremely important in an artistic venture as costly as movie-making.

Here's a letter from Patricia in Hollywood, Florida, who, as you will see, has very definite opinions of her own. She says: "I just read your article in the July issue of Photoplay and are you asking for it! You're going to get a lot of phonies running around in frilly aprons trying to build fires, cook and learn to clean up a messy bedroom. Why, as far as that goes, I could fill the bill if I really wanted to, but I wouldn't change for anyone, even you!"

Patricia goes on to list quite a few most interesting qualifications she has. Then she says: "You won't get somebody with all the qualities you want. The best way to make marriage work is to think before saying something you will regret. You can't change habits overnight which have been forming for some twenty-odd years in your marriage partner. So quit advertising for what you want and don't make the mistake of advertising what you have after you've gotten it. I'm not in love with you by all means, but I would hate to see you be miserable from a wrong choice."

Now look, Patricia, while I appreciate your wanting to help, I'd like to point something out. First of all, I can spot phonies by this time whether they're "running around in frilly aprons and trying to build fires" or not. And in the second place, I didn't write the article as an advertisement for anything. Not for myself or for the girl I'm going to marry or for a brand of toothpaste or for your local used car dealer. I just wrote it because it contained a lot of things that I wanted to say!

From Strasbourg, France, came a very kind letter from a girl named Marilyn: "I honestly believe I have never read a more beautiful (and honest, may I hope) declaration of what one would want and expect out of a life with a woman of one's choice . . . it seems very strange to have such remarks said by an American man."

My thanks for your thoughtful letter, Marilyn, but I must say I'm a little sorry you feel such remarks as I made to be "strange" when said by an American man. I certainly don't think that I'm above average or exceptional in my feelings. I know many men who feel as I do toward love and marriage in relationship with life. That they don't have the opportunity to speak up as I did is no reflection on them.

Susan from San Francisco says: "You left out the other dark side of being in love which is: Assuming it's not a high moral relationship (just physical), it brings out those qualities in a person which may be pretty foreign and degrading. This may happen in a case of 'opposites attracting.' The burden of shouldering an unstable, unethical person can become too much for the stronger to bear, causing a decadence in him or her until neither one has pride or respect."

Here I think, Susan, you've fallen into a trap that many of us fall into, that of thinking the ability to be able to love is the same as "being in love." "Being in love" is a term like "falling in love with" or "falling for" and can easily be used to talk about or explain what's only quite simply the sex drive. "Loving" or "being able to love" refers more to giving and sharing and understanding and helping. I don't think the "other dark side" you mention could exist under those conditions.

One other point Susan makes: "Nobody likes to be different or ridiculed. A stigma may be attached to someone who did what he thought best but which wasn't in harmony with the majority. That stigma may cause mental deterioration. We want to be liked and well thought of by all. This enables us to think well of ourselves—a necessity for self-preservation."

I'm sorry, Susan, but I think you're absolutely wrong. Sure, nobody likes to be ridiculed, but if somebody does what he thinks best and if that action doesn't hurt any of his fellow human beings, then I

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December Issue

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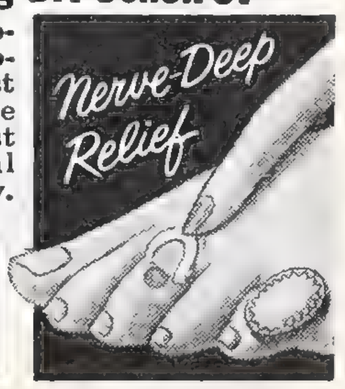
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see no reason for giving a moment's thought to what other people may say or think. You seem to feel that other people's impressions of us are what enable us to think well of ourselves. This is a basic error. We must first believe in ourselves as worthwhile human beings and approve of ourselves because we are conscious that we are deserving of love and approval. And most important, we must love ourselves first. If you misinterpret that I suppose you will think that love of self is the same as selfishness or self-indulgence. This, of course, is not true. One must love one's self and know one's self to be a worthwhile human being before one can truly love the world or the people in the world. Love comes from within and radiates outward. Love does not come from outside and work its way in.

Penny in New York writes: "Recently I had occasion to purchase Photoplay for a course in 'Adolescent Psychology' at the teachers' college where I am a junior. We were discussing the effects of film and love magazines on children—a standard for every darn education course we have here." She goes on to say she read the article we are talking about, noted I answer my own mail and brings up quite a few points. First of all, she asks, are my comments sincere?

Yes, Penny, of course they are.

Then she says: "I realize how difficult it is to present the same people in different lights so that the reader will be entertained and therefore retain his interest. Yet don't you feel these magazines really reach around for their topics?"

Well, Penny, it's a little difficult to know exactly what you mean by "reach around for their topics," but I think the basic difficulty you are going to have is trying to lump together many different publications under a catch-all phrase like "film and love magazines." If you are this far along in your education you should certainly know that you can't approach the problem of analyzing anything if you make such vague generalizations. For instance, Photoplay can be compared with or contrasted to other publications, but you can't say it's the same as any other publication. It's unique and distinct and has, if you will, a personality and a life of its own. And, going back to your question about "reaching around for their topics," I think Photoplay has for some time been doing an excellent job of presenting players in an interesting and absorbing, yet very truthful, light. This, of course, can't be said for all publications that are concerned with motion pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' COLOR CREDITS

Hope Lange and Don Murray color by *Sanford Roth;* color of Sandra Dee and John Saxon, Gene *Trindl;* Tab Hunter color, *Henri Janson.*

Penny asks: "How many young impressionable fans will be measuring their own strengths and weaknesses or developing themselves as individuals when you set up an idealistic Utopia to fill?"

Look, honey, I think you had better read that article again, because if you think I was setting up an "idealistic Utopia," you're all wet. I was talking about things which I think are of great value; I was quoting people whose knowledge and intelligence I respect; I was saying things which I believe to be worthwhile. None of this fits into the definitions I remember of Utopia.

Then, Penny, you really pull a boner because you ask: "Do you think the type of girl who reads these magazines is an avid Wylie reader? Perhaps these girls are average nothing readers! I think you'll find your Wylie and Vance Packard readers in or graduated from college and universities. These girls don't read fan magazines."

Penny, I'm sorry, but you're completely confused. I can send you at least one hundred letters from girls in or graduated from colleges and universities who found the article not only interesting, but provocative. Maybe these girls don't read "fan magazines," but I have proof they read Photoplay. And finally you ask the question: "I am not a prudish teacher, but do these stories build character, or do they create a glittering storyland of Sherman Oaks, or any other residence mentioned in the other stories?"

Well, Penny, your term "prudish teacher" has little or no meaning to me, so I don't know whether you're that or not. I do know that you're not only confused, but so far behind in your thinking and understanding of what Photoplay is trying to do that, honey, you're just plain old-fashioned. I'm certainly not trying to make this sound like an ad for Photoplay or any other magazine dealing with motion pictures and the personalities in them, so I'll just close by saying, Penny, you'd better wake up and live a little. Oh yes, before we leave Penny, I think I should tell her that, if she likes, I can furnish her with the address of a very charming lady in Hutchinson, Kansas, who, being a little wiser and a little older, might be able to help her. She writes to tell me that she is thirty years old, with two children, has a degree from a university, is widowed now and, because she has had to make her own way and provide a living for herself and her children for some time, knows and understands the values I was talking about.

Among other things this lady says: "Most of us seem to spend our lives avoiding being our own unique individual selves—in fact escaping, running, joining, marrying—anything to overcome the unbearable isolation we feel. But when we stop and realize what all the racing is for, then perhaps we have a real chance to grow toward maturity, to be a loving person and part of the whole wonderful world and each human in it."

Then she says three very kind things: "First, it's always wonderful to find someone who cares enough to think things through and decide for himself. Second, it's nice to know that in your profession there are individuals who are truly at last on the way to being 'complete' people. Third, so many teenagers read movie magazines and if you in your position have inspired even one to read, learn and think *before* they leap, then will you please rewrite your article again in about twelve years when my children will be teenagers?!"

Don't you think it might help Penny if she talked a little with this lady?

Well, I think you can see from the letters above, from this small sampling of the mail that has come in, what a rewarding experience this has been for me. And by that I mean as an individual. Because almost without exception the letters have said they weren't writing to a "movie star," but rather to a person. And I'm sure you can understand what a wonderful feeling it is to know that so many others share your views and ideals.

Above all, in a world where our daily newspapers tell us that everything and everyone is negative and downbeat and wrong, it's a very heartwarming experience to realize that this is completely untrue—that the world actually is full of worthwhile and wonderful people who are only now getting a chance to be heard.

In the San Francisco Chronicle, for instance, Stan Delaplane gave his daughter, age fourteen, a chance to be heard—in his McNaught Syndicate column. She'd read the story in Photoplay and Stan reports the following conversation:

"Imagine," she said. "Imagine having a date with George Nader!"

"What would you do, my dear?"

"Well, I wouldn't want to do anything fancy. Just something very simple. Like maybe a picnic. With peanut butter sandwiches. That's why I think we would get along so perfectly. Because he likes peanut butter sandwiches. And so do I."

"What kind of peanut butter sandwiches? Crunchy or smooth?"

"I would make a variety," she said. "He could have whichever ones he wanted. I like crunchy."

"With lettuce? And mayonnaise?"

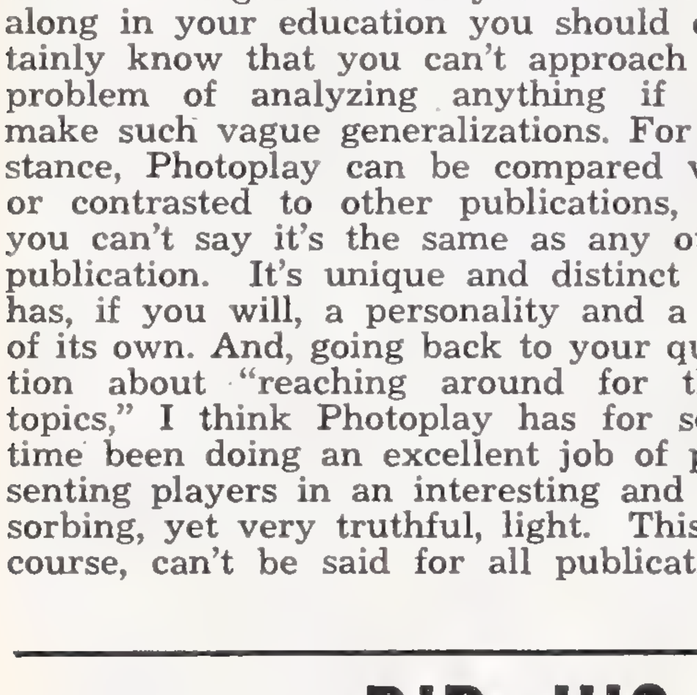
"Just mayonnaise. No lettuce."

"I suppose that is the way George likes them. Is that what Photoplay says?"

"They do not say exactly. But I would make them any way he liked. Or else," she said, "if we didn't have a picnic, we could go to a movie. And take peanut butter sandwiches along to eat."

Well, I like the crunchy kind of peanut butter, too—with mayonnaise, no lettuce. Do you think I should call Miss Delaplane and tell her? THE END

DID HIS KISSES MEAN LOVE?



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INSIDE STUFF

Flying Sparks: **Kim Novak's** announcement that she'll marry director **Richard Quine,** who guided her through "Bell Book and Candle" and gave Kim her start, is taken with a noncommital grin by Quine, who only recently separated from his wife. The feeling is Kim talks a good marriage. And that's where it ends. In talk . . . There really may be something cooking between **Hugh O'Brian** and **Nancy Sinatra,** I conclude after spending an evening with them. . . . Believe it or not, **Dorothy Malone,** a "no-kiss" bachelor girl, blushes when the name **Jacques Bergerac** is mentioned. Just when everybody thought blushing had gone out with crocheted hat pin holders! . . .

Phyllis Hudson acquired a home, the former **Rock Hudson** abode, a $250 a week alimony and a brand new beau, all in one short, hot summer. Rock's divorce settlement accounts for the house and income, but Phyllis acquired the beau on her own. He's a professor of philosophy she met while taking his course at UCLA. And speaking of Rock, we're all curious over the recordings he's made and locked away, pending future release.

The Gossip Concerns: The disintegration of the **Jim Arness** marriage, and the regret of friends who admire both Big ("Gunsmoke") Jim and his **Virginia** . . . **Shelley Winters'** heart-to-hearts with husband **Tony Franciosa** in Europe, and the hopes their problems can be ironed out . . . That Hollywood Cosmo Alley hideout where The Beat Generation and some of our best-known young actors hide out for an evening of "crazy, man, crazy." . . . The disapproval of socialite **Barbara Hutton** over the seemingly serious romance between son **Lance Reventlow** and starlet **Jill St. John.** The divorce scorecard: Jill one; Barbara, five; Lance, none . . . That new $300 wig **Betty Furness** brought back from Paris which, if the fad catches on, will have us all looking like **Marie Antoinette** in search of a guillotine . . . The wonder if the arrival of **Peter** and **Pat Lawford's** third child will curb Pete's boyishness to a settling-down-to-business attitude . . . Little **David Ladd** patiently doing his homework, unaware papa **Alan Ladd** turned down a $50,000 contract which would have kept the boy from attending school. David's only financial concern is that he gets that twenty-five cents a week allowance . . . **Tony Perkins'** album, "From My Heart," which won him the privilege of singing in his upcoming Audrey Hepburn movie, "Green Mansions" . . . The heartache in store for **Deborah Kerr** if **Tony Bartley** succeeds in taking her two children from her. In Hollywood, where his harshness has won him no friends, they refer to Tony as "the **Dr. Lindstrom** (Ingrid Bergman's ex) of the British set." Fortunately, Ingrid got her daughter **Jenny** back.



Loved my evening with Hugh O'Brian and Nancy Sinatra. Watch this item!

I PREDICT . . .

Paul Newman will be the new femme rave now that "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" is out. With the bluest eyes in captivity, the profile of a Greek god and the Brando-like talents, Paul is sure to be the toast of the both coasts . . . I predict **Bing Crosby** will employ different tactics in rearing his new son, "Tex" Crosby. Tex's four older brothers, whom Bing reared to the best of his ability, have somehow strayed from their father's hopes and plans . . . The twins, Dennis and Phillip have given up their veterinary studies, young Lindsay renounced college and Gary seems definitely estranged. So little Harry Lillis Crosby III, named for his father and grandfather, may find a closer relationship with Papa Bing. . . . I predict the new trends in prolonged and careful divorce settlements and "marriage first" plans will change the whole course of Hollywood and its people. And the stand taken by younger wives in following their husbands and being with them at all costs, is another indication Hollywood is awakening to a new maturity and a new set of values. **Joanne Woodward,** who is now at the peak of her career, will give it up for the duration of husband Paul's play on Broadway, just to be near him. Joanne will take a psychology course at Columbia. **Natalie Wood** refuses all offers that take her away from husband **Bob Wagner** in Hollywood, even a flattering film to be made in England. **Hope Lange** followed husband **Don Murray** to Ireland for his six months toil on his movie, "Shake Hands With the Devil," their second child being born on Irish soil. **Shirley Jones,** at the cost of her own career, refuses to leave husband **Jack Cassidy** behind in Hollywood. It's a new day and a new hope for Hollywood. (*Continued*)

We Give a Party

George Nader and **Jolie Gabor,** mother of **Eva** and **Zsa** (what's her middle name again?), walked off with all the fortune cookies at Photoplay's gala brunch party, held at Trader Vic's restaurant. The cookies were first prizes awarded for the best sayings to be put inside fortune cookies. Jolie's winning phrase was "Confucious say, It is never too late." (And with her handsome bridegroom by her side, the message was obvious.) George's "Never mistake asthma for passion." gave everyone a good laugh.

"Aren't you a bit cynical with that suggestion?" I asked him kiddingly.

"Yes, I am," he admitted, winking at lovely **Martha Hyer,** who sat next to him at our table.

Nick Adams, master of ceremonies, opened the party at noon in the Hawaiian Lounge, sporting a black eye achieved during a TV rehearsal. Then we all moved into the main dining room for luscious brunch, Traders' style . . . **Kim Novak** arrived late and was joined at brunch by **Hugh O'Brian,** who came alone. **Dorothy Malone** and **Jacques Bergerac** were at a table with **Terry Moore, Dolores Hart, Earl Holliman, Edd Byrnes, Dorothy Johnson** and that happy couple, **Diane Jergens** and **Peter Brown** . . . Mama-to-be **Jayne Mansfield** looked for all the world like a semi-stout matron, in her black print dress and subdued hairdo. She and husband **Mickey Hargitay** (who may be the next *Tarzan*) brunched with **Jean Wallace, Barry Coe** and **Judi Meredith,** and across the table, the couple that had people buzzing, **Jill St. John** and **Lance Reventlow,** chatting with the **Stuart Whitmans** . . . **Taina Elg** sat next to the **John Gavins,** and the three had a gay time with the **Cliff Robertsons. Cynthia Robertson** proved again what a lucky man her Cliff really is. Cynthia's a sweet, natural, charming girl, and she and Cliff are so happy over their expected baby in March. Cynthia already has a son by her former marriage to **Jack Lemmon** . . . **Al Hedison** with **Joan Collins** sat with producer **Jerry Wald,** who howled over **Dick Sargent's** cookie-slogan suggestion: "Help, help, I'm a prisoner of



Judi Meredith and Barry Coe had 'em buzzing as they joined writer Rona Barrett, Terry Moore and Dick Sargent 'round Photoplay's brunch table.

WE TELL THEIR



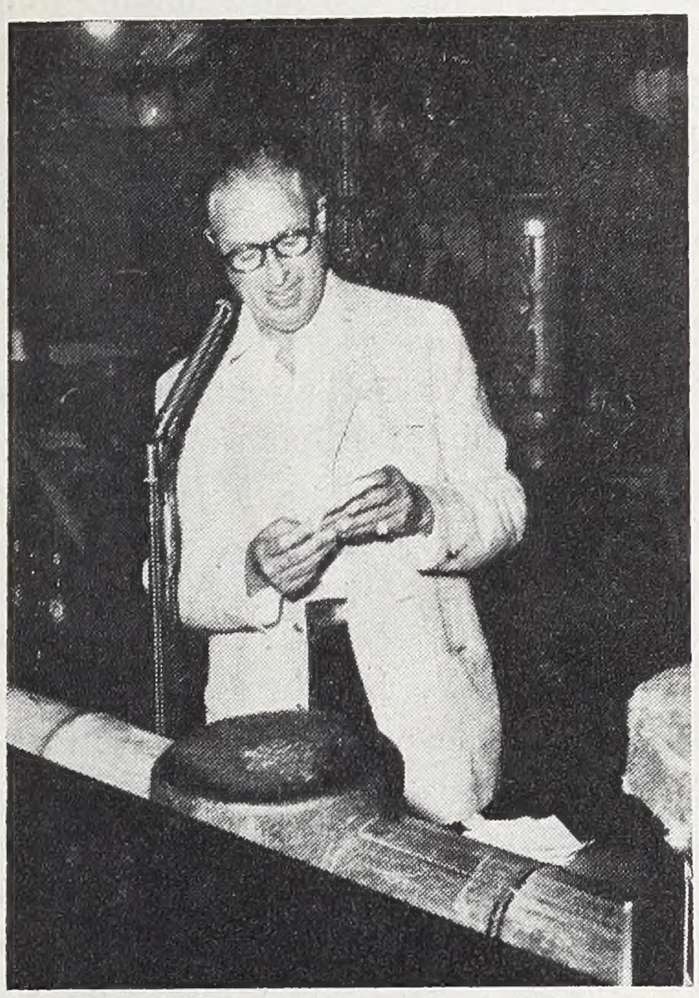
Nearly everyone came in pairs, like happy Diane Jergens and Peter Brown.



Mark Damon was hand-in-hand with Connie Stevens and stayed that way.



Newlyweds Dick Egan and Pat Hardy asked for one bowl and two straws!



Norman Siegel hosted for Photoplay. He's still getting thank-you notes.

Jerry Wald!" Dick is one of the cadets in Jerry's production, "Mardi Gras." . . . For Martha Hyer it was a double party when the waiter presented her with a birthday cake, thoughtfully arranged for by escort George . . . **Mark Damon** with **Connie Stevens,** producer **Henry Ginsberg, Scotty Reuben** and **Mr. and Mrs. Sid Rogell** of 20th Century-Fox helped Martha dispose of the gooey, delicious almond-filled cake. For breakfast yet! Well, not for us dieters.

What bows Photoplay took! And may I say deservedly so, with all thanks to the gracious host, **Norman Siegel,** Photoplay's West Coast Editor. Norman tells me he's received a batch of notes from the guests expressing just that—thanks. We both got a kick out of **Mark Damon's:** "It was a great party. And, well . . . when's the next one gonna be?"

Panorama of Stars

The Cafe de Paris on the 20th Century-Fox lot is an exciting panorama of stars, writers, directors, producers, extras and bit players, coming and going, some in colorful, fantastic costumes. At the table next to mine, for instance, a group of up and coming stars are lunching together. **Tommy Sands,** with his nose in a script while his lunch grows cold, **Dwayne Hickman, Ray Stricklyn** and **Carol Lynley,** who's in "Blue Denim" with Ray. Suddenly a little by-play attracts attention as a tiny miss of three wanders over to poke a small finger in Tommy's back. Tommy's head appears from his script, he looks up, then down into the face of none other than little **Cheryl Boone,** who has wandered over from her father's table. At the Boone table are Pat and his wife Shirley, the three oldest Boone children, two baby sitters, and six visitors. Thirteen at the table, if you're superstitious. And how old-time cozy it seems to see Pat lunching in his shirt sleeves—with suspenders yet, a part of his cadet uniform for "Mardi Gras" . . . Across the room **Christine Carere** blows us a kiss, and nearby **Paul Newman** in his "Rally Round the Flag" uniform is talking with a New York friend about his new Broadway show, "Sweet Bird of Youth" . . . Handsome **Al Hedison,** "The Fly," wanders in with **Joan Collins** for her usual luncheon dish of sliced banana and cottage cheese. "Tastes just like caviar," she assures me. Hedison is much younger looking than the husband he portrays in "The Fly." Young, single and most attractive, Al looks like a coming star to me. . . . **Nat** and **Bob Wagner,** with Bob's parents from La Jolla, take a table for four, Bob and Nat attracting attention in their matching terry-cloth coveralls. Natalie later confided she had hers made by tailor **Sy Devore** to match Bob's. ("We have them in all colors and wear them on our boat.") . . . Producer **Jerry Wald** drops by our table for a chat. "I've found a new star," he says. "She was complaint girl (the usual 'why didn't my paper come' etc.) at the Los Angeles Herald Express and she kept telephoning me for an appointment. Finally I gave in and gave her a reading and

FORTUNES



Earl Holliman dated Dolores Hart— I barely knew her under that hat!



"4,688 Girls Said Yes"—to George Nader. Is Martha Hyer one of them?



Next Tarzan *may be Mickey Hargitay. "Me Jayne," quipped Miss Mansfield.*

the kid bowled me over. She'd been studying with **Jeff Corey** and was all ready to go. I changed her name to **Jennifer West** and started her off in 'Mardi Gras.' Watch for her, Sara." It's after one o'clock now and the crowd is thinning out, returning to studio offices and sound stages. But what an aggregation of famous people in just one hour! And where else and when could you find so many but on the 20th lot. At lunchtime.

Records, TV News

The **Randy Sparks** party brought out young recording stars, singing actors, TV folk and disk jockies galore. Randy's the young man with the guitar, who bowed on the **Bob Crosby** show and later appeared with **Gisele MacKenzie.** And he's taken a bride, **Jackie Miller,** a personable young lady. Randy, whose Kansas City success in "Tom Sawyer" gave him a good boost, has signed for several **Bob Hope** TV shows and plans to sprinkle more video appearances among his night club dates. . . . Incidentally **Pat Wayne** and **Dennis Hopper** are crazy over Randy Sparks' version of the title song of their new film, "The Young Land." Watch for this platter. . . . **The Four Preps** were so popular on the **Ozzie** and **Harriet** show that their friend **Rick Nelson** has asked them back. And the Preps have accepted. Their "Big Man" and "26 Miles to Santa Catalina" have really put these lads over in a big way. . . . **Earl Holliman's** recording of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" has a special meaning since his best girl, **Dolores Hart,** took off for the Broadway stage. . . . **George Nader,** who should be seen in more movies, is planning a TV series based on a domestic comedy angle. . . . **Lindsay Crosby's** recording of "One Chocolate Soda with Two Straws" is brother **Gary's** favorite.

Sara's Ramblings

John Saxon's weekend treks to San Francisco involve **Sue Counter,** a model who greatly intrigues the actor. . . . **Elvis Presley** was really put to it when four high-school girls, who were threatened with expulsion for wearing Elvis' dog tag jewelry to school, wrote to Pvt. Presley for advice. "Wear the dog tags *after* school and think of me," El advised. Kid Solomon, no less. . . . If M-G-M studios expected **Marlon Brando** to visit wife **Anna Kashfi** on the set of "Night of the Quarter Moon," her first picture in a long time, they were disappointed. (Wonder if Anna was, too.) . . . And kids, ask mother about **Ramon Navarro** in "The Pagan," back in her old swooning days. And then picture your favorite, **Sal Mineo,** in the same role. Can't you just envision Sal in his "Pagan" outfit? Crazy! . . . **Pat Wayne** is Saturday-night-dating **Sherry Jackson** at the new Pacific Ocean Park. Hot dogs and cold pop on a roller-coaster spin. . . . Those luscious gowns whipped up by designer **Orry-Kelly** for Tony Curtis and **Jack Lemmon** to wear as phony members of an all-girl orchestra in "Some Like It Hot" have Tony's wife, **Janet Leigh,** and Jack's girl, **Felicia Farr,** green with envy. The girls declare they're having the gowns copied. And Tony claims he's a delightful



After a summer together, producer Nick Vanoff misses Steve and Eydie.

48-48-48. **Marilyn Monroe,** in the same film, will have to look to her laurels with those two clowns out to steal her thunder. And I do mean thunder.

Cal York's Jottings

Peggy Lee, recuperating from a seige of mononucleosis, took a typewriter and easel to bed with her. She "rested" by turning out a batch of short stories, devising new song lyrics and filling in the rest of the time painting miniatures. . . . **Nick Vanoff** is the talented guy who produced the lively **Eydie Gorme** and **Steve Lawrence** TV shows over the summer. . . . **Susan Hayward's** step-daughter, **June,** has a bit part in Susan's new film, but just for fun. She says she doesn't want to be an actress. . . . After the premiere of "The Big Country," **Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker** and **Greg Peck** invited a very specially chosen group to a midnight supper dance at Romanoff's. Photoplay was the only fan magazine asked. . . . **Susan Harrison** hasn't been seen on the screen since "Sweet Smell of Success" and a brand new baby is the reason why. . . . TV's "Richard Diamond," **David Janssen,** married **Ellie Graham.** . . . **Tony Perkins** turned up at the M-G-M gate wearing dungarees and a guitar. The guards wouldn't let him in till a studio official vouched for him. . . . **Dennis Hopper's** dating **Tuesday Weld** almost every day of the week. . . . **Tony Martin** and **Cyd Charisse** bought ten acres next door to a pineapple plantation in the Hawaiian Islands, which should make a great place to get away from it all, even if they don't like pineapples. . . . **Debbie Reynolds** and M-G-M have signed a peace pact, and it gives Debbie just what she wanted—the right to do outside pictures and to go on TV with Eddie. That puts **Nat Wood** next in line to kiss and make-up with Warners. . . . Socialite **Natalie Trundy** is retiring from movies—temporarily at least—until she makes her début at Christmas. . . . **Esther Williams** emerged from the swimming pool long enough to spout: "You don't need more than one woman friend; you can't cope with more than one. Men are different. I prefer the company of men." Then she ducked back in again before anyone could mention **Jeff Chandler's** name. . . . When she went on location for "Some Came Running," Martha Hyer dated an old college beau, Cincinnati executive James Nelson. . . . **Betty Abbott's** been doing quite a bit of visiting at Malibu with **Rock Hudson.** How solid are these two, anyway? . . . "The Fly," with **Al Hedison,** has been making more loot for 20th than any picture since "Peyton Place." . . . **John Wayne's** eldest son, **Michael,** twenty-two, married his childhood sweetheart, **Gretchen Deibel.** . . . Rumors have **Joan Crawford** returning to acting. If they're true, this veteran star will stop off first at Actor's Studio to learn the "method." . . . **Gene Tierney** may also try for a comeback. . . . **Jean Seberg** wed her French lawyer in Marshalltown, Iowa. . . . **Ann Miller** said yes to Bill Moss, Jane Withers' ex. . . . **Pat Boone's** brother, **Nick Todd,** also a singer, reported to the Army. . . . It's so nice to have a psychologist around the house, was **Sheree North's** feeling, and so she became engaged to **Dr. Gerhardt Sommer,** a psychologist friend of her own analyst. . . . See you next month!



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